THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

OFFICIAL NEWSPAPER OF THE A. O. H. OF ILLINOIS AND THE UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES OF CHICAGO AND COOK COUNTY.

VOL. XV. NO. 49. CHICAGO, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1896.—FIFTEENTH YEAR. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A. O. H. GOSSIP.

The Good Work Accomplished by President O'Sullivan, of Div. 8, Gracefully Acknowledged — Father Reynolds' Fine Address at a Gathering of Div. No. 12.

Successful Ball Given by Div. 17, and a Spirited Reunion Meeting by Div. 11—Practical Work Commended.

My worthy colleague on the North Side had the field all to himself and Div. 8 for two weeks past, and deservedly so. Div. 8 has made a record during the past four years of its existence unequalled by any other in Cook county. Its balls, entertainments and reunions are the most enjoyable of the season. Its increase of membership has been permanent not migratory. Its outlay of sick and burial benefits exceeds that of any other division in Cook county. A congratulate Brother O'Sullivan, to whose earnest and unpretending zeal so much good work is due, and trust that he will be long spared to the Order and cause.

A belated report of the great ball of Div. 12 was mislaid in our office, and I express my regrets that the copy of Father Reynolds' magnificent address was lost with same. From a social point of view the event was most successful; stylish and well managed. The committee, including Brothers Conroy, Flanagan, Corcoran and Morgan, assisted by the Rev. Father Crimmins, spared no expense to make the affair what they expected, a peer to any society function held on the South Side. The talent on the musical programme was of a very high order, and included a pretty song from Master Dohesy, son of the esteemed president of Div. 37. The number which overshadowed all others was the masterly oration of Rev. Father Reynolds. Anything equal to his splendid effort has seldom been heard in our city. His knowledge of the Irish people, his study of Irish history, and his great interest in their future could be read between each line of his address. It is to be regretted that we had no manuscript, as the most notable scrap of the address to reach every member of the Order. Div. 12 is making excellent progress in its new location, corner of Indiana and Thirty-fifth street.

Div. 23 held its "smoke talk" in Schumacher hall, on the 17th ult. Every seat was filled by earnest and enthusiastic Hibernians. Bro. M. J. Doherty, whose years of doughty service in the cause of the Order, has won him an abiding place in the esteem of every member, introduced as the chairman of the evening's entertainment, Brother P. T. O'Sullivan, of South Chicago. In a neat, brief and well spoken address the worthy chairman referred to the usefulness of such gatherings as assembled there that evening. "We do not value one brother because we do not know each other. Strangers in our own circles can be friends and brothers abroad." It was a concise statement of the principles of the organization and the unity of the Irish people. After some good singing from Brothers Ryan, O'Brien and Baker and a recitation by Brother Lonergan, the chair introduced Father Reynolds, who delivered a splendid eulogy on the Ancient Order and its good work. The history of the Order from its prominence in Ireland in the latter portion of the 17th century down to the present day was rapidly and interestingly sketched by the reverend speaker. Its merit and value in the missionary field were golden praise, and the patriotic spirit of the members was lauded in continued terms. The address closed with a touching and urgent appeal to all members to be active workers in the cause of faith and motherland. Brother Foley, of South Chicago, spoke on the necessity of spreading the organization and bringing all interested in the progress of the race in touch with the society. President J. T. Keating followed, and spoke on the responsibilities of local officers.

The ball of of Div. 17 was more than a success—it was a triumph. The accommodations of South Side Turner hall were hardly large enough for the immense crowd who came to en oy the hospitalities of Div. 17. A dance programme of twenty-six numbers hardly satisfied the visitors, and additional ones were improvised, keeping the floor occupied until daylight dispersed the merry crowd. Much credit is due to the committees in charge, which were as follows:

Arrangement Committee — Michael McGrew, Roger Mulcahy, Patrick J. O'Brien, Jeremiah Ryan, W. V. McClure. Reception committee—Martin Mulcahy, George J. Cooke, James Walsh, Michael J. Austin, Peter Fitzgerrell, James Garland, Lawrence Hensly, Capt. J. H. Byrne, J. J. Sullivan, Thos. Flegan, C. J. Hollihan, Lieut. Bernard Burke. Floor committee—Jas. Burke, Eugene Sullivan, Maurice Davis, Thos. Conroy, James Quinlan, Michael Madden, Matthew King, John Godfrey, Patrick McDermott, Thomas H. Mitchell, Denis J. Lyons, M. E. Dillon, J. J. Murphy, Maurice Moore, D. R. Quinlan, F. E. Kinsella, John Hogan, Frank Burke, Lieut. Thos. Maloney.

That reunion in Div. 11 somehow escaped the mention it deserved in our last issue. It was a memorable night for Brothers M. E. Lynch and Miles McFadden were the caterers for the inner comforts of the guests, and that says volumes for the "comforts." The programme of musical and literary talent which was unequalled for variety and excellent material was given. Professor Walsh had his violin with him, and the sweet music of Erin made the air throb with the glories and sorrows of the past. Both the Perkins brothers were there in their usual full oneiress of their knowledge of the old time airs of the land across the sea. Brother Malone rendered "Killarney" in excellent voice, and was heartily applauded. Big Bob Morgan rendered the "Women of Limerick" with an elocutionary dash and spirit worthy of the poem. It was some minutes before the chairman could calm the applause which greeted the singer. Mangan finished. And the chairman himself, to cap the climax, choose better than Capt. Desmond, president of Div. 31, who with kindly soul and genial heart presided at the Cosmopolitan. A model toastmaster, Brother Desmond put each man at his ease as he introduced him according to programme. Bro. W. J. Maloney was the orator of the night and clothed his subject in the jealousy of Irishmen towards each other and the silver tongue he said a better man would have more than another. The Irish client and the outside lawyer for Cook county was the theme he dealt on, what of an anomaly, and the necessity of supporting a man of your own race who is warmly applauded. Brother Frank is responsible for the following: "Brevity is the soul of wit." Frank is right. Brains end wit were the orator's for Cook county than all the oratory the State is afflicted with. The re-union lasted until the "wee sma' hours" and will be long remembered as a "feast of reason and flow of soul," backed up by more solid entertainment for the inner man and guest. Div. 11 is one of the most solid divisions in the organization in the country, and the care used in the selection of members is worthy of imitation by others. MON.

HYMENEAL.

SPALLIN—DURR.

On last Wednesday the marriage of Miss Marie Durr and Mr. Patrick Spallin was celebrated at Holy Angels church, at which a large number of the friends of both the bride and groom were present. After the impressive and holy ceremony the bridal party went to the Victoria residence of the happy couple at 3826 Calumet avenue, where a most enjoyable evening was spent. Mr. P. J. Spallin, the bride's brother, was present by many of the leading South Side social lights. The bride, who is very popular, was also an active and popular member. Ever since the organization of the Irish Sixth ward she has been a leader in this city. Mr. Spallin has been its continuous guest for many years, and is also held in Div. 2, A. O. H., for some years. Among those present were Miss Tessie Spallin, Miss Lizzie Spallin, Tessie Spallin, M. Gibney, M. Foley, J. Carey, D. Ryan, C. Gibney, Thomas J. Tully, John J. Sherlock, B. Gibney, Thomas J. Sherlock, P. Farrell, John J. Hanrahan and Miss Nolan.

NOLAN—CRONIN.

The marriage of Mr. P. J. Nolan and Miss Ellen Cronin was quietly celebrated on Wednesday, Nov. 25, at All Saints' church, in the presence of a number of relatives. Rev. Father Whalen, cousin of the bride, was the officiating clergyman. Father McGavic acted as deacon and the Rev. Father Dorney as subdeacon. Rev. Father Whalen of Joliet preached a sermon of ceremonies. The bride wore a magnificent costume of white silk, embroidered with chiffon and lilies of the valley, and carried in her hand a bouquet of bride's roses and lilies of the valley. Miss Mary G. Avey acted as best man, and Mary Cronin, sister of the bride, acted as bridesmaid. A reception was served at the home of the bride, at which the following were present: Rev. Father Whalen, Father McGavic and Dorney; Messrs. Eugene Cronin, H. Hogan, Philip Reidy and Patrick Fleming, Mrs. Reidy and Mrs. Hughes, the Misses Nolan, Johnson, Avey and the Misses Feeney. The house was decorated with Irish and U. S. flags. Mr. Nolan has served in the fire department for some years, and with credit. The happy couple left with best wishes for a honeymoon in Milwaukee, and will be at home after Dec. 1st at 3243 Prairie ave.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

15 Days in Yellowstone Park.

The Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railway Company desires to call attention to a very completely arranged tour through this wonderful region, under the management of the well-known tourist manager, Mr. J. J. Graham. The tour will leave Mr. Nolan's Tuesday evening, July 21, by electric-lighted train, with dining-car, to be absent three weeks. The petrified forest and many other attractive features of the park will be included in the itinerary, that the traveler, going through the ordinary way, does not see. A party will also leave Chicago for Alaska via Yellowstone Park, the same date.

For full particulars, address George H. Heafford, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

CATHOLIC CHARITY BALL.

A Brilliant and Successful Event, Socially, Financially and Numerically.

List of Those Who Were Present at the Notable Gathering—Dancing and Musical Programme.

The charity ball, held under the auspices of the Catholic Women's National League at the Auditorium, on Thanksgiving Eve. was the most brilliant and successful social event of the season.

The grand march was led by Mrs. W. P. Hennesberry and Z. P. Brosnan at the head of one column and Mrs. Michael Cudahy and Richard Prendergast at the head of the other. Following their leaders two long processions of dancers marched across the floor, their numbers being constantly increased until there was no longer room to continue the evolutions. Hundreds watched the shifting, changing scene from the chairs and boxes while the march went on, and continued watching until the ranks were broken by the inviting strains of the waltz that came from Fitzgerald's orchestra. The dance programme was as follows:

Waltz.....	"Morning Journals"
Deux temps.....	"El Capitan"
Waltz.....	"Anna Belle"
Deux temps.....	"Semper Fidelis"
Lanciers.....	"Metropolitan"
Waltz.....	"Reminiscence"
Deux temps.....	"Shandon Bells"
Waltz.....	"Carry Nation"
Deux temps.....	"Charity Ball"
Lanciers.....	"Inspiration"
Waltz.....	"Fascination"
Deux temps.....	"Hallelujah"
Waltz.....	"Floating Days"
Lanciers.....	"Reverie"

The promenade music, alternating with the numbers on the dance programme, was composed of the following numbers:

March.....	Seventh Regiment
Overture.....	"Semiramide"
"Lucia di Lammermoor".....	Donizetti
Selection from Tannhauser.....	Wagner
Selection.....	Suppe
Selections from "Robin Hood" DeKoven	
Intermezzo.....	"Carabinia Rusticana"
Selection.....	"Il Trovatore"
"Floating Regiment".....	Conterno
Selection. "Faust".....	Gounod
"Gay New York".....	Gilmore
Selection from "Carmen".....	Bizet
"Darkies' Patrol".....	Lansing
"Passing Show".....	Englander
"Bon Voyage a La Patrol".....	Bial

In its financial as well as its social sense, the ball was the greatest success yet achieved by the league. The beneficiaries are the Visitation and Aid Society orphan asylum, the kindergarten and day nurseries maintained by the league in the three divisions of the city, and also the many persons present were the following:

Messrs. and Mesdames B P Gormully, M J Naghten, Ira L Jones, J C Carroll, Thomas Lawless, P J Rowan, R C Quinlan, T H Glasbrook, Owen Fay, J O Connell, J W Trainor, G A Bisson, J C Shane, T A Cantwell, S McClean, Jr, J W Prindiville, J A McCormick, J W Reddy, J M Cronnan, W Pope, R Pope, P J O'Keefe, J J Mullen, G L Fergus, D Berry, Miss Nellie Berry, Miss Zeina, A Hawxhurst, M F Lolten, J J Power, E Furthmann, L J Reed, M J Brown, D P Bishop, J C Donnelly, R H Harris, C Murphy, W J Hynes, D Sullivan, T O'Connell, J W Sweeney, J Christy, W H Alexander, J M Reddy, M J Corboy, G F Kimball, M D Flavin, N J Neary, M J Considine, P E Beasley, W D Kent, Joseph Downey, J A Sackett, P J Bishop, C McDonough, Harry J M Smyth, Chris Murphy, H Fitzgerald, Thomas Cox, J MacDonald, W R Eagle, J Shannon, C Matherhall, A Burke, J H Ashby, D E Baker, E Bagot, W P Nelson, M W Ryan, R G Padden, J J Casey, E J Meaney, J P Gallagher, J Sullivan, F W Wright, B Hartley, W H Lyman, C Whitgreave, T C Barrett, John D Shea, D J Simpson, P H Heffron, J McCarthy, J J Sullivan, T McElligott, M W Kewnig, J P Gowing, John S Cooke, J C Burke, T Fadden, J W McDonald, Dr J E Keefe, M Cudahy, J J Sadenoch, L A Nortch, E H Jones, A Wolf, Thomas Nolan, G F Russell, E V McDonald, M J Cragin, J H Dunn, James Cudahy, Jr, Z P Brosnan, F M Blount, W J Slattery, Dr T J Sullivan, T F Goggin, J C O'Connell, W J Gibbons, S Scanlan, C P Caldwell, G J Sayer, J W Donohoe, J B Jenkins, W P Casey, J Healy, W C Wilson, M Lynch, W J Culger, T N Donnelly, Mesdames H Clapp, J A Carry, F Carey, A Harpel, D Schneider, D L Prentiss, A Lydon, D Quirk, J T Healy, Jas Lawless, J Cudahy, Richard T Prendergast, C A Walsh, John Fortune, J A Curtis, John McMahon, E Sullivan, F E Halligan, R McNamara, E F Kirksley, J B Sherman, C E Bagot, Samuel Shapiro, Miss Sadie Shapiro, John Fitzpatrick, M L O'Grady, K Sullivan, James A Mulligan.

Misses Wade, Hand, Lynch, Devlin, Fitzpatrick, Mulligan, Heeney, Walsh, Cudahy, Cunningham, Sterling, Regney, Frances Rigney, Rubison, Green, Vanzwer, E Fenehere, G Francoire, T Franchere, Mullaney, Harper, Gerrigan, Koian, Henneberry, Lee, Downer, Hanrahan, Hayes, Pirtzky, Kelly, Van Glassbrook, Leonard, Keane, E Butler, M B Bartlett, Graham, Padden, Hopkins, Keeley, Walsh, Alice Reddy, Mary Reddy, Rooney, Nettie Berry, Maud Berry, McAuley, O'Hara, Rowan, Jennie Long, Louise Long, Kennedy, Conway, Emma Wright, Bessie Wright, Alice Walsh, Ella Walsh, May Powell, Sadie Powell, McGivern, H O'Brien, F O'Brien, Armitage, Brennock, Harper, Bowen, Casey, Devine, Fogarty, Watt, Southworth, R Gallery, M Gallery, Ella Sharkey, K Sharkey, O'Connel, White McDermott, Garvey, Carney, Shannon, Hunt, Rosa Lauer, Tillie Lauer, Klein, A M Flood, K Flood, Huffaker, Saunders, Kerrigan, Dunne, Smyth, Barry, Linneen, Weir, Long, Hogan, M MacDonald, C MacDonald, Hayes, Morgan, Considine, Alsey, Hurst, Kelley, Donohue, Hyland, Burdick, Hart, Cansild, Gilman, Montgomery, Clingman, Clare, Cecilia Cudahy, Clara Cudahy, Bower, Bowen, Teeny, Quinn, Sheahan, Doyle, Slattery, Carian, Lejoen, Dolan, Miller, Bittner, Smith, Lane, Maher, Halpin, McAdrow, Fox, Callahan, Kleiminger, McGrath, O'Connor, L Wild, A Wild, Metcalf, McGillen, Lamont, F Graham, S Graham, A Brenner, M Brenner, Keefe, Badenoch, Wickler, Biehl, Kerwin, Brennan, Burke, Maher, Howlett, Conway, Walsh, Fleming, Goodwillie, Sullivan, Hickey, Lynch.

Messrs. Hannah, Stubbs, Prussing, Henderson, Healy, Clare, Keilen, Hogan, Kennedy, Carpenter, Garraghan, Lyttle, Nevins, Lennon, Reynolds, Rosenheim, Crowe, Collins, Gilman, Fox, Hayes, Jungs Dunne, H Donohue, Jr, Harris, Flynn, Ellsworth, Goodwillie, Crawford, Curran, Callahan, Downey, Burdick, Long, Lydon, O'Brien, Nelson, Harper, Walters, Fitzgerald, Hunt, Halfrea, Keane, Tanner, Linneen, Carney, Shoenhair, Heath, Joseph Lauer, Philip Lauer, Saunders, Gallery, Weadley, Gillen, Wall, W J Mockler, A White, Garvey, Brennock, Ragor, Cellin, Brenan, Olingar, Lynch, Bowen, Carpenter, Southworth, Southworth, Schubert, Berry, Kennedy, Cronin, W H Powell, Jr, Hoffman, Jr, McGivern, T A Means, Jr, E A Moran, J P Moran, Frank Rothschild, Nolan, F E Peabody, A S Peabody, McMahon, Donegan, Walsh, Sherlock, Prendergast, Fitzgerald, Keane, Kelly, Heney, Bartlett, McDermott, Hyland, Lonergan, Mulcahy, Harper, MacDonald, Fitzgerald, Keane, Kelly, Heney, Bartlett, McDermott, Hyland, Lonergan, Mulcahy, Harper, Rooney, Morris, McArdle, Sheban, Carter, Priestley, Fisher, Dennen, Smith, Donohoe, Carter, Hurler, Sexton, Brannon, Owens, Cozzens, Huber, Sullivan, Heyward, Wilson, Wild, Lamont, McCaile, McGillen, D Brennor, Jr, Hogan, Hennebergry, Cronin, Healy, Hogan, Keogh, Peschel, O'Malley, O'Hearn.

THE HILLS OF CLARE.

(An Chraoibhin Aoibhinn.)

Though far away, heart-sore today, from Erin green!
I'll leap the sea that her and me rolls wide between,
And feel, the lair I'll tread, till high
Her hills of Clare!

If so, arise before my eyes the Hills of Clare!

Good health had I and courage high, tho' in youth's prime,
And pleasantly, from trouble free, flew my time!
My heart was light, my song as blithe as larks in air,
Till death and doom enwrapt in gloom my darling Clare!

Ere came that day, I freely say, I had friends "go lee!"—
While on the band, with lavish hand, I spent my store.
When fortune fled, and in her stead came blight and care,
None stayed to cheer my spirits drear on the Hills of Clare!

I loved—and thought my life was bound in Heaven's bliss,
While she was mine, like honeyed wine her balmy kiss;
And when for gold herself she sold, my soul in anguish I bid from view of all but you—dear Hills of Clare!

In want of gold, old comrades cold, my sweetheart wed.
In anguish I bade home good-by! and seaward sped!
But more than all my hope's downfall that grieved me there,
It pained my heart that I should part from the Hills of Clare!

Now aged grown, my vigor flown, the end draws near,
And close to me I dimly see death's dreaded bier.
But night and day to God I pray my life to spare,
Till I can rest where I love best—among the Hills of Clare!

MICHAEL CAVANAGH.

Irish Language.

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago meet for study every evening, except Sat., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, and the class is open for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raleigh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 78 South Canal street, Chicago.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in bakeries and restaurants than would pay the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Brenner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

RICARD O'S. BURKE.

How the Gallant Irish-American Soldier and Patriot Bore Himself When a Tyrannical English Judge Sought to Browbeat Him in the Dock.

The British Hall Dog in Erminc Could not Endure Burke's Eloquence as Applied to British Rule in Ireland—English Insolency.

Barrett was succeeded in the dock by Col. Ricard O'S. Burke, for the release of whom the prison walls had been blown down. He is described as being a young man of great physical strength and of prepossessing appearance and manners. He made no defence to the charge of treason-felony, of which offense he and Henry Shaw (Mullady) were found guilty. Both the prisoners had dealt largely in the purchase of arms, and had been prominent members of the English organization for over a year.

When the usual question was asked, Burke replied:—

I would state that during the whole period of my imprisonment, from my arrest on the 20th of November until the present time, during my sojourn in various prisons—Millbank, the House of Detention, Warwick Jail, the King street station, Bow street and Newgate (I have received from all the officials, from the governor down to the humblest warders, the most unvarying kindness and consideration, and I desire to record my gratitude for their extreme respect toward me. I am not surprised by the verdict of the jury, nor do I desire at all to impeach it. Under all the circumstances, taking everything into consideration, I should say that twelve reasonable men could arrive at no other issue. But there are points on which I would desire to touch, without impeaching the verdict. I would not allude to the action of the attorney-general against me during the last fortnight. If the gentlemen had been [illegible] have done so. He has accused me during my absence; I shall not follow his example; I shall act toward him with a little more manliness, and will not allude to his conduct. But I will briefly allude to some observations of the solicitor-general, though not desiring to impeach the verdict. The learned gentleman, in conducting the case with his usual ability, stated that it was not the desire of the prosecution to try my case under the shadow of any proclamation which the Clerkenwell affair might throw upon it. If so, why did he not permit my case to be taken first? On the representation of my solicitor a change was laid to my charge for him, stating that prejudice—a stern, bitter, unrelenting prejudice—would result from the trial of the case for murder in the Clerkenwell case, if they were tried before me. That application was rejected, yet, in the face of that fact, the learned gentleman in conducting the prosecution said there was no desire on the part of the prosecution to reflect prejudice on my case, and that no prejudice was likely to arise. Is the prejudice from the heinous charges laid against me by the counsel for the crown?

Mr. Baron Bramwell interposing:—I must tell you that you have no right to make the observations you are now making. What you are entitled to do is to object to any of the proceedings against you on the point. You have no right to comment either on the conduct of the prosecution or any other matter except on the right in point of law to say that judgment should not be pronounced against you.

Burke—I wish to defend my character.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—You have no right to do that now.

Burke—Will your lordship be pleased to tell me when I may, and if the law will sanction its being assailed?

Mr. Baron Bramwell—That is no part of my duty. My duty is to conduct these proceedings according to law.

Burke—I shall be guided by your decision, my lord, though I do so with—

Mr. Baron Bramwell—I have endeavored to inform myself what would be the proper course to pursue in the case of both of you, and I understand to say that you, Mr. Burke, without signifying reference to your complicity in the Clerkenwell outrage.

Burke—I had not concluded my lord. I was about to say something else.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—You have a right to object to any of the proceedings against you in point of law. You have no right to comment either on the conduct of the prosecution or any other matter except on the right in point of law to say that judgment should not be pronounced against you.

Burke—I wish to defend my character.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—You have no right to do that now.

Burke—Will your lordship be pleased to tell me when I may, and if the law will sanction its being assailed?

Mr. Justice Bramwell—That is no part of my duty. My duty is to conduct these proceedings according to law.

Burke—I shall be guided by your decision, my lord, though I do so with—

Mr. Baron Bramwell—I have endeavored to inform myself what would be the proper course to pursue in the case of both of you, and I understand to say that you, Mr. Burke, without signifying reference to your complicity in the Clerkenwell outrage.

Burke—I had not concluded my lord. I was about to say something else.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—If you have a right to object these proceedings against you are had in point of law, and move what is called an arrest of judgment, or in mitigation of punishment, but you have no right to make any allusion to the evidence, or to the manner in which the prosecution was conducted.

Burke—Then am I to stand perfectly passive and accept the case as it is?

Mr. Baron Bramwell—Yes; you must accept the verdict as final.

Burke—On the opening of the case I represented that I was an alien, and produced a passport of the United States government to establish the fact that passport having been procured by four or five European governments. It was objected to because the prosecution said I was a native of the realm of her majesty. They went on to prove it, and how did they do it? They did so by an Irish concussion drawn from the most Irish of arguments. They produced two milliitamen, one of whom proved that I had a mother and sister residing in Bandon, and drew the very natural conclusion that I was a native of Macroom. I never was in Macroom; I have never seen it; I know nothing of it, and I brand that statement on the face of it as a direct falsehood. I do not attribute to the prosecution the knowledge of this, but I will now come to the men who asserted what they knew to be false.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—You are now saying what you have no right to say. I cannot allow you to make such observations. It is not proper to stop a man who may have something to say that may do him good, but you are not saying what will do you any good.

Burke—Well, my lord, I will not touch on this matter at all. Supposing I am a subject of her majesty, and that my allegiance is due to her, which I deny. I owe no allegiance to her majesty but respect, and that I never deny to one of her sex. But suppose it is so in reality, I will still justify my complaint of the position that the prosecution has placed me in. My privileges are very narrow, and I have little or no knowledge of the law. I have never been in a court of justice in my life, and my position is more painful than it would have been if I had had the experience of those learned gentlemen. It is not necessary for me to justify my conduct or to answer to the many outrages and wrongs that I have endured.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—I won't allow you to do that. All that I can permit you to do is what I have said, and that is to move an arrest of judgment or in mitigation of punishment.

Burke—Then I repeat my protest as a soldier of the United States army.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—I won't allow you even to make a protest. You have no right to make a protest.

Burke—Have I no right but to endure this wrong? I have every feeling of respect toward the able manner in which conducted the prosecution, but your lordship will excuse me if the prosecutor against me.

Mr. Baron Bramwell (with some warmth—Silence! I have borne with you long enough, and I now proceed to pass sentence upon you. I think it is a most mischievous thing that a man who has been convicted by the usual proceedings of a tribunal of the country which has gained the victory in a contest against him should attempt to make a speech and assault the tribunal and move against all the forms and [illegible] I have acted on this opinion before now, and have a notion that many men like you have entered into conspiracies and have committed in order that they may make inflammatory speeches when they are called upon to receive the punishment to which they are rightly condemned. I think it will be an arbitrary thing when the law has gained its rights that a prisoner should be compelled to submit to his punishment in silence, and that punishment I now award to you, Burke.

I have inquired what is the ordinary punishment in Dublin. where these cases have been most frequent of late years. I have also consulted with my learned brother, and we have come to the conclusion the same punishment shall be inflicted here. I now sentence you, Burke, to fifteen years' penal servitude. You, Shaw—Am I allowed to say anything, my lord? I thought before I was sentenced I should be allowed to speak.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—I don't see anything to say in arrest of judgment?

Shaw—Well, my lord, my sentence is passed now.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—I recall the sentence. You can speak now.

Shaw—I know when I came to England I had no intention of doing anything.

Mr. Baron Bramwell—Very well. I sentence you to seven years' penal servitude. You can go below, Shaw.

All the convict was being removed he exclaimed—"I could endure that and twenty more for Ireland."

$100 Reward, $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address,

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

CALIFORNIA.

If you are going there by all means inquire about the Burlington Route Personally Conducted Excursions to San Francisco and Los Angeles. Chicago every Wednesday with a Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car through to destination. The route is via Denver & Rio Grande Railway scenic line through Salt Lake City. Cars are fitted with mattress, upholstered seats, mattresses, pillows, sheets, bed linen, berth curtains, individual heat and light, and, in fact, all the conveniences of a standard Pullman Palace car; they lack only some of the expensive finish of the Pullman Palace cars. For full express trains, while the cost per berth is only about one-half the price.

Write for full information to C. A. Jennings, Excursion Manager, 209 Adams st., Ill. Rl. Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

HAS PLENTY OF WORK

CONGRESS WILL HAVE NEARLY 1,600 BILLS TO DISPOSE OF.

About a Thousand of Which, However, Are Private Affairs—Some Measures That Will Challenge and Obtain Attention—Pacific Railway Measure Is Urgent.

Washington, Nov. 30.—It is not probable that the house at the coming session of congress, which begins a week from today, can dispose of much of the proposed legislation which encumbers its calendars. Little is usually accomplished at the short session beyond the passage of the regular supply bills. The question of legislation for additional revenues for the government will depend on the senate, to which body the house sent the Dingley bill almost a year ago. Should it be impossible, or be deemed inexpedient, to press that measure through the senate there is of course a possibility that the proposal to increase the revenues by an additional tax on beer or the imposition of a duty on tea, coffee, etc., may take tangible form, and if so such legislation must originate in the lower branch of congress.

Nearly 1,500 Bills on the Calendar.

There are on the several calendars of the house 1,465 bills reported from the various committees, and the proportion which will pass at the coming session must be necessarily almost infinitesimal. Most of them are private bills (of which there are 1,100), but three are also 256 bills on the calendar on the state of the union and ninety-nine public bills on the regular house calendar. Some of these are of very great public importance, and those interested will no doubt do all in their power to secure action upon them. The powers lodged in the hands of the committee on rules, which give the members of that committee control of the house programme, will make that committee the practical arbiter of what shall be submitted to the house for its action.

Important Bills on the List.

The bill which in many respects is fraught at this time with most interest and which will press hardest for consideration is the Pacific railroad funding bill. The bonds guaranteed by the government are payable early in the coming year, and either an extension or foreclosure stares the roads in the face. For eight years funding bills have occupied a good share of the attention of congress. The war claims committee promises to renew its aggressiveness for the passage of the claims awarded under the Bowman act and the French spoliation claims. These claims, the former amounting to $562,459 and the latter to $2,708,196, were put on the sundry civil bill at the last session as a rider of the senate, but the bill was vetoed by the president and they were then dropped.

Of Interest to the Newspapers.

The bill to cure the abuses of the law relating to second-class matter, by which newspaper matter is transmitted at one cent per pound and which has been the subject of much cirticism of the post-office department because of the advantage taken of the law in various ways for the transmission of books and pamphlets, will also be pressed. Among theother bills are the Wadsworth bill for the creation of a bureau of animal industry for the inspection of meat and the regulation of the transportation of live stock, the immigration bill, the Chickering bill for ascertaining the feasibility and cost of a ship canal from the great lakes to the Hudson, and several important public land bills.

REPORT OF TREASURER MORGAN.

Foots Up a Deficit of More Than Twenty-Five Million Dollars.

Washington, Nov. 30.—The annual report of Daniel N. Morgan, treasurer of the United States, shows the net ordinary revenues of the government during the fiscal year ended June 30, 1896, to have been $326,976,200 and the expenditures $352,179,446, leaving a deficiency for the year of $25,203,246, or $17,601,977 less than during the preceding fiscal year. The report shows that during the last fiscal year there was an increase of $7,863,134 in the receipts from customs, $3,341,,192 from internal revenue sources and $2,479,622 from miscellaneous sources, and a loss of $97,823 from the sale of public lands, making the net increase in the receipts $13,586,125. The decrease in the expeditures amounted to $4,015,852.

After giving in detail theamounts realized from the different sales of bonds, the total amount of bonds being $262,315,400 and the total receipts $294,164,295, he proceeds: "While the cash balance in the treasury has afforded a comfortable working fund, and would have done so without augmentation from loans, the gold reserve has been the cause of much concern, and has been maintained only at the cost of a fresh issue of bonds and by the voluntary contributions of banks and financial institutions. With the excention of a brief period in the autumn of 1895 and another in the spring of 1896 the ruling rates of foreign exchange were such throughout the year as to permit, if not require, the export of gold. The movement began in volume the first week in August and continued with a short interruption till toward the end of January.

"At first the demands upon the treasury for gold were limited to the wants of exporters, but in December considerable withdrawals began to be made by others, the amount increasing during January and rising in February, when heavy payments were made into the treasury for bonds, to nearly $20,000,000 for the month. Under this drain the reserve gradually sank until Feb. 10, 1896, when it stood at $44,563,493. It was then rapidly built up from the proceeds of the sale of bonds and rose to $128,713,709 by March 31. After inconsiderable variations in the reserve during April the export of gold was resumed on May 1, and this movement, together with the continued withdrawals not for export, again put in operation the process of depletion. There was an almost daily decline until July 22, when the official figures for the reserve were $89,669,975.

"At this point the bankers of the principal cities joined together in a movement of relief, the result being that the banks and financial institutions deposited gold in exchange for paper currency and restored the reserve to $110,782,403 by Aug. 4. After the discontinuance of these operations the free gold again declined gradually to $100,867,561, where it stood on Sept. 1. In the latter half of August there occurred a favorable turn in foreign exchange, which had the effect, first, of checking the outflow of gold, and later, of setting in motion a rapid current in the opposite direction.

"As some of the imported material was brought for the purpose of supplying the inland demand ofr currency, and as the preference which was manifested in the interior for gold had not yet become a factor in the situation, a great part of the early inflow found its way into the treasury in exchange for paper. * * * In the fifteen months ended with September last the withdrawals of gold from the treasury in redemption United States notes and treasury notes amounted to the immense sum of $192,972,205, while the net gains of gold from all sources attained a total of $98,138,902."

The public debt outstanding June 30, 1896, is shown to have been $1,769,840,323, and on June 30, 1895, $1,676,120,983. According to the revised estimates of the department the total monetary stock on June 30, 1896, was $2,348,338,571, as compared with $2,348,338,571 on June 30, 1895. Since the close of the fiscal year this loss has been fully recovered, chiefly by the importation of gold.

REV. JAMES MILLER A SUICIDE.

Mystery of His Death Cleared Up by Tracing the Revolver.

Decatur, Ills., Nov. 26.—Suicide is the verdict of the coroner's jury in the inquest on the body of Rev. James Miller, of Bloomington, found in an alley Tuesday morning. It is now generally believed that the minister killed himself, but that fact is as great a shock to the community as was the first report of murder. G. Sponsler, firearm dealer at Springfield, came to Decatur yesterday afternoon and identified the body positively as that of a man to whom he sold a revolver at 4 o'clock p. m. Monday at Springfield. He then testified to that effect before the coroner's jury. State's Attorney Isaac R. Mills, who examined the body when found, and traced the revolver and Mr. Miller's movements, also testified. The position of the revolver on the ground indicated that it had been dropped by a dead hand after firing one shot. The watch is still missing. Miller's whereabouts from the arrival of the train until the time of the murder—forty-five minutes—are still a mystery.

WOULD NOT ACCEPT THE PLACE,

So a Friend of General Harrison Says as to a Seat in the Senate.

Indianapolis, Nov. 27.—The recent revival of the talk that General Harrison will probably not protest against the use of his name in connection with the senatorship led one of the ex-president's friends to say yesterday that while he had no authority to speak for General Harrison he believed he knew the general's mind, and he desired to say that General Harrison would not for one minute think of accepting election as senator.

He said: "I know it is true that his name is being suggested; he knows that there are three or four members of the general assembly who wish to vote for him in caucus unless he makes a definite statement; but it can be stated as a fact that the thought of going back to the senate has never entered his mind, and that it is simply ridiculous to be talking about him in conclusion with the office."

CLEVELAND WILL LIVE IN JERSEY.

President Will Reside at Princeton After the Fourth of March.

Princeton, N. J., Nov. 28—Rumors have been current here for some days concerning President Cleveland's intention of making his permanent home at Princeton. Nothing definite could be learned until last evening, when Prof. Andrew West returned from Washington, after having an interview with the president. Prof. West gave out the following statement for publication:

"President Cleveland has today purchased the residence of Mrs. W. J. Slidell, on Bayard avenue in Princeton, and will make Princeton his permanent home soon after the expiration of his term as president. Negotiations looking to this end have been in progress about three weeks, and were consumated today by the purchase of the property."

Thanksgiving Football Games.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—Games of football Thanksgiving Day resulted as follows: At Chicago—University of Wisconsin, 6; Northwestern university, 6; Chicago Athletic club, 12; Boston Athletic club, 6; Chicago university, 7; University of Michigan, 6; at Annapolis—Lafayette college, 18; Naval Cadets, 6; at Philadelphia — Pennsylvania, 32; Cornell, 10; at New York—Brown university, 24; Carlisle Indians, 12; at Omaha—Omaha, 0; Iowa, 0; at Lafayette, Ind.—University of Illinois, 4; Purdue, 4; at Indianapolis — University, 0; Athletic club, 14.

Cyclone Sweeps Eight Square Miles.

Waco, Tex., Nov. 28.—The cyclone that raged in a section twenty miles west of here Thursday devastated a strip one mile wide and eight miles in length. A number of farm houses were demolished in the vicinity of Mart, McLennon county, and information comes from Reisel, six miles from Mart, that the residence of Buck Douglass was totally destroyed, his wife severely hurt and one of his children killed outright. Five persons were more or less injured as far as heard from.

Destruction of an Elevator.

St. Paul, Nov. 30.—Fire Friday evening completely destroyed the large elevator of the St. Paul Warehouse and Elevator company, situated on Third street. The elevator contained 100,000 bushels of oats, all of which were destroyed. The loss will be fully $80,000, partly covered by insurance.

Girl Strangled and Robbed.

Philadelphia, Nov. 27.—Fanny Rauff, aged 24 years, of 725 Noble street, was found in her room at 11 o'clock last night strangled to death. The police have no clew to her murderer, but have arrested Frederick Burke, with whom she is alleged to have lived. add white house

Coldest Day in Twenty Years.

Salt Lake, Utah, Nov. 30.—Saturday was the coldest November day in Salt Lake in the twenty years' existence of the Utah weather bureau. At 5 o'clock in the morning the thermometer registered five-tenths of a degree below zero.

HAVOC BY ICE GORGE.

PEOPLE OF CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS., FLY FROM THEIR HOUSES.

Driven Out by the Waters into the Bitter Cold—Possibility That Deaths May Result—Gorge Thirty Feet High at Chippewa Falls, Wis.

Chippewa Falls, Wis., Dec. 1.—A great ice gorge, thirty feet high, has formed across the Chippewa river below this city, and last night farms and farm buildings along six miles of the Chippewa valley were under water. The flood was being added to hourly at the rate of six inches. At 9 o'clock last night the basements of all the buildings on Spring street were flooded, and in some instances the lower floors were under water. People living in or occupying business houses in the lower part of the city were hastily removing their personal effects to higher ground.

Danger to Those Lower Down.

In 1894 a similar flood occurred, causing a loss of many thousands of dollars. A great deal of railway property is threatened and many highway and railway bridges will probably be swept away. Below the immense gorge the river is practically dry, and when the jam breaks the body of water in the reservoir must carry destruction to the valley below. Eau Claire has every reason to feel apprehensive, as its danger begins when that of Chippewa Falls has passed.

Irvine in Total Darkness.

Between the hours of 6 and 10 a. m. yesterday the water rose six feet, when there was a temporary abatement. The gorge is five miles long. At Irvine the Wisconsin Central railway is under water and the electric light plant partly flooded, so that the town is in darkness.

PEOPLE DRIVEN INTO THE COLD.

Leave Their Homes and Face Terrible Suffering, Perhaps Death.

Eau Claire, Wis., Dec. 1.—The ice formed a gorge at the mouth of the Chippewa which caused the water to back up rapidly Saturday night and Sunday morning. On the low lands below Durand the rise was so rapid that many families had to flee in their night robes to places of safety and leave their all behind them. The suffering among the women and children was intense and many are reported as having frozen feet and limbs. As a rule those who could fled to the railroad track. There they built a fire and tried to protect themselves from the frosty winds till relief arrived.

An engine and coach sent out from Durand Sunday morning gathered up about forty or fifty of these unfortunate people, but so fast was the water rising that the train had to go back to Durand. It is thought that some of the people were not reached by the rescuing party, and possibly may have perished. The bottoms are all under water and stock and produce are a complete loss. Dead domestic animals could be seen all about the neighborhood frozen stiff in the water. In most of the homes were stored the winter supplies and these were all lost.

FLOOD INCREASING IN FURY.

Railways Washed Out and Millions of Feet of Timber Probably Lost.

Pepin, Wis., Dec. 1.—The flood in the Chippewa bottoms is increasing in fury. The Chicago, Milwaukee and Chippewa Valley road is badly washed out and is covered with trees, logs and ice gorges for miles. There will be no traffic for a week or ten days. The bridge over Smith's slough, one mile below Trevino junction, on the Chicago, Burlington and Northern road, is unsafe.

There are jams of ice and logs in the Chippewa at Burlington, at Chippewa Valley bridge, at Read's landing and at the head of West Newton slough above Alma. The water is at a standstill, but more trouble is feared unless the jams break. Three are 3,000,000 feet of logs and forty cribs of lumber in the jams. All the hay in the meadows is lost and considerable stock is gone. Five families were rescued from upper stories and roofs in the flooded districts yesterday.

Life Lost in the Blizzard.

St. Paul, Dec. 1.—News from the great blizzard has been very meagre yesterday. So far as learned only five lives have been lost. Of course nothing has yet been heard from the remote districts beyond the reach of the telegraph, and it may be another week before it can be positively stated that there has not been serious loss of life. The latest reported death is that of Elmor Holte, aged 14, who was frozen to death in the blizzard near Ada, Minn. On Thanksgiving Day he and his father started with a team for the Poplar woods, fifteen miles distant, to get a load of wood. On returning they lost their bearings in the blinding snow and started afoot to look for shelter. They became separated, the elder Holte succeeding in finding a farm house after wandering about all night. The boy was found frozen stiff.

Water Very High at Stevens Point.

Stevens Point, Wis., Dec. 1.—The water in the Wisconsin river at this point is the highest in the history of this city. At present the streets for several blocks are flooded and Sunday night the people in the flooded districts carried all their goods to upper stories. A dyke was built a number of years ago for the protection of a large part of the resident portion of the city, but this is now in bad condition, and if the threatened flood comes hundreds of families will be compelled to seek shelter on higher ground.

Mr. and Mrs. Castle Arrive.

New York, Nov. 27.—Walter M. Castle, of San Francisco, with his wife and little boy, whose troubles in London have been fully told in the Associated Press dispatches, arrived here yesterday on the steamer Havel. Castle gave out a long statement which contained little that was new. He said he would immediately put his wife under a course of treatment directed by what will practicall be the best medical thought and experience of the whole world.

Forman Takes the Oath of Office.

Washington, Nov. 28.—W. S. Forman, of Illinois, the newly appointed commissioner of internal revenue, took the oath of office yesterday and entered on the discharge of his duties.

HISTORY OF A WEEK.

Wednesday, Nov. 25.

Burglars entered ex-President Harrison's house at Indianapolis and stole a gold watch and a small amount of cash.

The trial of Bazin's patent roller boat, which it is alleged will shorten the Atlantic passage to ninety-six hours, is expected to take place in the middle of December across the English channel from Havre.

October reports of Chicago public school attendance show a total enrollment of 203,122 and a daily average attendance of 181,636.

South Dakota grain dealers are estimating that the greater proportion of wheat available for shipment throughout their territory has already gone to market.

W. A. Fox, a Santa Fe railway engineer, died from a malady that baffled the skill of physicians. On Nov. 4 Fox's foot "went to sleep," and from this strange disease his leg gradually wasted away.

Thursday, Nov. 26.

Obituary: At Denver, Edward Eddy, 57. At Genoa, Italy, Governor Fraser, of New Brunswick. At Greensburg, Ind., Dr. Samuel J. Barrett. At Mason City, Ia., Elizabeth M. Blythe, 74.

W. W. Astor has given $50,000 to the Children's Aid Society of New York city, with which to build a school building as a memorial to his wife.

The official vote of Michigan gives McKinley, 293,327; Bryan, 237,251.

Bryan's manager in his lecture tour asked $3,000 for a lecture desired by a ladies society at Des Moines.

Ex-Banker Anthony Kosel pleaded guilty at Chicago to one of the six indictments of larceny against him. He was sentenced to the penitentiary for an indefinite period.

At the official trial of the Virago, British torpedo boat destroyer built by the Lairds, a mean speed of 30.17 knots was made on the measured mile, while 30.07 konts was the average for the three hours continuous speeding.

An epidemic of scarletina, attended with great mortality, is raging throughout southern Russia.

Friday, Nov. 27.

Reports of the results of the rural free delivery experiments by the government are said to show general satisfaction with the service and good results of the work as a whole.

George E. Ross, the trusted money clerk of the Pacific Express company at Kansas City, who mysteriously disappeared five days ago, is believed to have gone to Mexico.

The fertilizing plant of Treston & Sons, in Blissville, L. I., was destroyed by fire. About $200,000 worth of machinary was destroyed.

The interstate convention of building loan associations has concluded its business at Denver and adjourned to meet in New York city on the third Wednesday of November, 1897.

Emperor Francis Joseph, as king of Hungary, opened parliament in the castle of Ofen at Buda Pesth Thursday. In the speech from the throne his majesty referred entirely to internal measures.

Michael Rudayeff, of New York, a wealthy man, has not been heard from since the latter part of October and his friends fear foul play.

Saturday, Nov. 28.

The shah of Persia announces that hereafter he will dispense with a premier and will preside in person over the cabinet, which will consist of twelve ministers.

The ship owners and port labor contractors at Hamburg have decided to join the employers' federation in order to present a united opposition to the strikers.

Cheiera Kadisha Ubikur Cholim, one of the oldest Jewish benevolent societies in Chicago, celebrated the thirty-fifth anniversary of its organization at that city Thursday night.

Frank Hurst, a laborer, 32 years old, killed himself by firing a bullet into his breast, and Jennie O'Hoolihan took carbolic acid and died at Chicago.

Henry Otaso, an American citizen, is reported to have been killed by Spanish guerrilas in Cuba.

Princess Henry of Prussia, wife of the emperor's brother, has given birth to a son.

Monday, Nov. 30.

Mrs. Elizabeth Stockman, at Harlem, N. Y., confessed a theft she was charged with, saying she stole for money to buy medicine for her dying babe. Discharged.

Samuel Woods and John Malinson, delegates of the British trades unions to the convention of the American Federation of Labor, to be held in Cincinnati in the middle of December, arrived at New York. They say the proposed universal dockers' strike is absurd.

Wheat was sold at Toledo, O., Saturday for May delivery at $1 per bushel.

The German cabinet wants an increase of 200,000,000 marks in the expenditures on the navy, and there is likely to be a big fight in the reichstag over the matter.

The coming session of the British parliament, which opens Jan. 19, will probably take steps to increase the army both in efficiency and numbers.

Peter Jackson, now grown stout, but still retaining his fund of good nature, is giving a scientific display of boxing at the Hammersmith Theatre of Varieties, London.

Tuesday, Dec. 1.

Professor George Newcomb, of Salem, Mass., says he can cure baldheads by means of the X rays.

During the coming session of the Missouri legislature an effort will be made to pass a law putting fot ball in the same plane as prize fighting, which is a felony in that state.

Captain J. McA. Webster, of Washington, is suffering from the results of an X ray experiment. Some time ago he was shot and while in Chicago a few weeks ago allowed doctors to try to locate the bullet with the X ray. They were unsuccessful, and since he has experienced severe pains in the interior regions.

Three killed and 123 injured is the foot ball record for 1896.

Obituary: At Sydney, Australia, Sadie McDonald, the soubrette. At Philadelphia, Captain James Reynolds, a Mexican war veteran, formerly of Mascoutah, Ills. At Hillsboro, Ills., Rev. William T. Cole. At Ashland, O., Don F. Taylor. At Terre Haute, Ind., Professor Hei-

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

ILLINOIS NEWS NOTES OF GENERAL INTEREST.

Summary of Important Events of the Past Few Days Reported by Telegraph for the Benefit of Our Readers—Items of Special Interest to Illinois People.

Kinmundy, Ills., Dec. 1.—Mrs. M. C. Pruett of this city has received notice that by the recent death of her grandfather, Jeremiah Dual, at New York city, she had fallen heir to his entire estate, valued at $40,000, mostly in real estate in and around New York city. Mrs. Pruett was formerly Miss Nellie Dual. Her husband is a laborer who, by thrift and economy, has managed to pay for a small house and lot in the northern part of this city. They have a family of six children.

Frightful Tragedy at DeKalb, Ills.

DeKalb, Nov. 30.—H. L. Brower, a former employe of the DeKalb Fence company, killed his wife, severely wounded his child and mother-in-law, and killed himself here Friday morning. He was out of employment and had been acting strangely for several days, but was not regarded as dangerous. His wife was stabbed through the heart, his child was cut through the hand and arm, and his mother-in-law in the neck, and his own throat was cut. It is thought the child and the woman will recover. Brower was not a drinking man and no other cause than insanity can be given.

Killed His Friend.

Lincoln, Ills., Nov. 28.—Thursday night while attempting to kill Policeman Frank Tribbett of Latham, Benjamin Huston shot and killed his friend, George Kitson. He went to a dance and raised a disturbance. Tribbett remonstrated with him and Kitson quieted him at the time. Soon afterward Huston saw Tribbett looking in at the back window. Going around to the rear of the building Huston saw a man there and fired at him, thinking it was Tribbett. Instead it was Kitson. Huston was brought to this city and placed in jail. Huston's father is wealthy.

Funeral of Rev. Miller.

Decatur, Ills., Nov. 28.—De Molay commandery, Knights Templars, of Bloomington, and several hundred members of Grace Methodist church, attended Dr. Miller's funeral here Friday. His relatives still cling to the theory that the clergyman was murdered in spite of the fact that the revolver found near the corpse is known to have been his own, and in spite of other circumstances which the police now say indicate suicide.

Illinois Central Is Prospering.

Chicago, Nov. 27.—The Illinois Central Railroad company has contracted for a further lot of 1,000 box cars, making in all 3,890 freight cars purchased during 1896. The earnings have been such as to justify, if not to require, the purchase of additional equipment during the recent years of depression.

Village Marshal Bound, Gagged and Shot.

Pontiac, Ills., Nov. 30.—David Decker, village marshal of Saunemin, was bound and gagged at night by three men who had applied for lodging in the jail. In the scuffle Decker was shot, but not fatally. Saunemin people believe it was the plan of the men to loot the town.

Aged Man Drowns Himself.

Rockford, Ills., Nov. 28.—W. J. Cole, aged 93 years, one of the oldest residents of Rockford and father of ex-Alderman T. W. Cole, wandered from his home and drowned in the Rock river, his hat being found on the bank.

Peoria Hotel Burned.

Peoria, Ills., Nov. 27.—The Peoria House, the oldest hotel and one of the largest in the city, burned last night.

State Notes.

The board of supervisors of Belvidere, Ills., met in extra session and found the cost per vote in Boone county at the late election to be 31 1-5 cents. This is the lowest so far on record.

Clarence Eberly, son of D. L. Eberly of Decatur, Ills., aged 17, member of the high school senior class, was mangled by a Wabash switch engine and died in two hours. He was a very bright boy.

Henry Budde, a well-known citizen at Carlyle, Ills., died. Corpulency caused his death. His weight was nearly 400 pounds. He was 65 years of age and a native of Prussia.

Myer Shopiro, of Chicago, attended a ball. While dancing with his daughter he fell dead. His body was removed and the dance went merrily on.

Peoria, Ills., is threatened with a water famine. The receiver of the water company threatens to petition Judge Grosscup for leave to cut off the city's supply because the city has refused to pay for such service. The mayor says he will seize the company's plant if the supply is cut off.

Boom in Lumber Business.

Montery, Mex., Dec. 1.—The lumber trade between United States and Mexico has become so heavy that a steamship and schooner line, which will be devoted to that traffic exclusively, has just been established. The company's vessels, four in number, will ply between Mobile, Ala., and Sabine Pass, Tex., and all of the Atlantic ports of Mexico. Sam Parks of this city is the general manager of the company for Mexico.

Fell to the Bottom of a Shaft.

Chicago, Dec. 1.—William Eggert, who lived at 1011 North Wood street and was employed in the Illinois Steel company's works at Redfield and McHenry streets, met death Sunday morning while at work in the blasting rooms. He was engaged in loading the furnace when he missed his footing and fell through to the bottom of a shaft, a distance of seventy feet. He was dead when his fellow workmen found him.

Has Buried 4,000 People.

Kokomo, Ind., Dec. 1.—This week Mark McTigue completed his thirtieth continuous year as sexton of Crown Point cemetery. Before that Mr. McTigue was sexton of the old cemetery. During this period the veteran sexton has buried 4,000 dead, digging all the graves with his own hands.

New York Firm in Trouble.

New York, Dec. 1.—Isaas Swope & Co., manufacturers of watch movements and jewelry, confessed judgment for $7,390 Monday. The total liabilities are estimated at $75,000, with nominal assets of $50,000. The firm has a branch house in St. Louis.

HEARS OF TWO BROKEN BANKS.

One of Them the Missouri National, Located at Kansas City.

Washington, Dec. 1.—Coffin, acting comptroller of the currency, yesterday received a telegram announcing the failure of the Missouri National bank, of Kansas City, Mo. The bank has a capital of $250,000, and at the date of its last report had surplus and profits amounting to $33,000; deposits, $1,131,000; due to other banks, $234,000. Bank Examiner Forman has been placed in charge. The bank was classed as one of the strongest in the southwest, and was forced to close by heavy withdrawals by its principal depositors, the closing being directly precipitated by the withdrawal of $50,000 in one lump by Heim, the wealthy local brewer, whose action was quickly followed by others.

The failure of the First National bank of Tyler, Tex., was also reported. This bank had a capital of $200,000; surplus and profits, $62,000; due to other banks, $8,000; deposits, $231,000; borrowed money, $224,000. Bank Examiner McDonald has been placed in charge.

WILD TIME AT RALSTON, O. T.

Wind Wrecks the Town—People Imprisoned in a Burning House.

Perry, O. T., Dec. 1.—Later news from the cyclone at Ralston, a small burg sixty miles northeast of here on the Arkansas river, indicate that the storm was much worse than first reported. A letter from W. F. McCague, who practically owns the town, to F. H. Kellogg here, states that the town is wrecked. The storm occurred Thursday night. McCague's two-story wooden building was blown bottom upward and fifteen people imprisoned in the upper story.

The building caught fire and the people were liberated by the use of an ax. Two minutes afterward many pounds of powder and dynamite and other explosives exploded. In all, twenty persons were injured. Ralston is a small town, supported by coal mines, and remote from telegraph.

Iowa in a Bad Way Financially.

Des Moines, Ia., Nov. 28.—A statement issued yesterday shows that Iowa has $450,000 outstanding warrants for which there is no cash. The state officers say they are powerless to meet the situation and the unpaid warrants may reach $750,000. The situation is due to the slowness of tax payments, and too low a levy to meet expenditures.

Death of William Steinway.

New York, Dec. 1.—The death of William Steinway, the well-known piano manufacturer, took place in this city yesterday. He had been ill for some time with typhoid fever. He was born in Germany in 1836 and was an expert musician.

Shot a Boy Dead and Suicided.

Burlington, Ia., Nov. 28.—News is just received here that Gus Wilber, aged 53, living near Augusta, Ia., while crazy shot Emory Flagley, aged 16, dead, and then suicided.

Four Killed by an Explosion.

Paris, Dec. 1.—Four persons were killed Sunday at Nanterre as the result of a boiler explosion in a carbon factory. The damage done amounts to $100,000.

THE MARKETS.

New York Financial.

NEW YORK, Nov. 30.

Money on call easy at 2 per cent.; prime mercantile paper 4@5 per cent.; sterling exchange was firm, with actual business in bankers' bills at 486¾ @ 487 for demand and 483¾@483¾ for sixty days; posted rates, 484@484½ and 487@488; commercial bills, 482¼.

Silver certificates, 65¼@65¾; no sales; bar silver, 65; Mexican dollars, 50¾.

United States government bonds firm; 4's registered, 112½; do. coupons, 112½; 5's registered, 113¾; do. coupons, 113¾; 4's registered, 108; do. coupons, 110½; 2's registered, 95½; Pacific 6's of '97, 99¾.

Chicago Grain and Produce.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.

Following were the quotations on the Board of Trade today: Wheat—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 81¾c, closed 80¾c; May, opened 85¼c, closed 84¾c. Corn—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 23½c, closed 23¼c; May, opened 27¼c, closed 26¾c. Oats—November, opened and closed nominal; December, opened 19c, closed 18¾c; May, opened 22¾c, closed 21¾c. Pork—December, opened $8.97½, closed $7.60; January, opened $7.95, closed $7.93. Lard—December, opened $3.92½, closed $3.85; January, opened $4.15, closed $4.17½.

Produce: Butter—Extra creamery, 23c per lb; extra dairy, 18c; fresh packing stock, 8@9½c. Eggs—Fresh stock, 22c per doz. Poultry—Turkeys, 8½@9c per lb; chickens (hens), 5c; spring chickens, 8½c; roosters, 4c; ducks, 9@10c; geese, $4.00@4.25. Potatoes—Burbanks, 20@24c per bu; Hebrons, 20@23c. Sweet potatoes—Illinois, $1.00@1.40 per bbl. Honey—White clover combs, 10@13c per lb; extracted, 5@7c. Apples—Common to fancy, 50c@$1.50 per bbl.

Chicago Live Stock.

CHICAGO, Nov. 30.

Live Stock—Prices at the Union Stock yards today ranged as follows: Hogs—Estimated receipts for the day, 20,000; sales ranged at $2.80@3.60 pigs, $3.35@3.65 light, $3.20@3.30 rough packing, $3.35@3.65 mixed, and $3.35@3.65 heavy packing and shipping lots.

Cattle—Estimated receipts for the day, 15,500; quotations ranged at $4.85@5.40 choice to extra shipping steers, $4.50@5.00 good to choice do., $4.25@4.60 fair to good, $3.70@4.20 common to medium do., $3.50@3.90 butcher steers, $2.65@3.40 stockers, $2.35@3.20 feeders; $1.75@2.75 cows, $2.40@4.15 heifers, $1.75@3.75 bulls, oxen and stags, $2.80@4.20 Texas steers, $3.25@4.30 western rangers, and $3.75@5.50 veal calves.

Sheep and Lambs—Estimated receipts for the day, 12,000; sales ranged at $2.85@3.40 western, $1.50@2.85 Texans, $1.50@3.65 natives and $2.85@5.45 lambs.

More

Medical value in a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla than in any other preparation.

More skill, more care, more expense in manufacture. It costs proprietor and dealer

More but it costs the consumer *less*, as he gets more doses for his money.

More curative power is secured by its peculiar combination, proportion and process.

More wonderful cures effected, more testimonials, more sales and more increase.

Many more reasons why you should take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. $1.

Hood's Pills are the only pills to take with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

THE CAMERA KNEW.

WHY THE PHOTOGRAPHER COULDN'T GET A GOOD NEGATIVE.

The Sensitized Plate Discovered an Eruption Before the Eye Could See It—It Showed In This Case That "Beauty Is Only Skin Deep" and the Skin Was Thin.

The following remarkable story is vouched for by a well known clerical gentleman of this city, who always has a fund of amusing yarns at his tongue's end which are new and entertaining.

Some time ago a handsome and interesting society woman entered the studio of a famous metropolitan photographer for the purpose of having her lovely features perpetuated upon cardboard. The artist knew his client and was very anxious to please her and produce a picture worthy of so fair a subject. Consequently he spared neither time nor care in arranging a satisfactory pose.

Finally everything was in readiness, the lady was told to "look pleasant," the camera "sprung" and she had been "taken." The lady sighed with relief, and the artist disappeared with his plates into the dark room. In a short time, however, he returned, wearing a puzzled and somewhat chagrined look upon his face. With many apologies he informed the lady that for some unaccountable reason his plates would not develop. In fact, they were hopelessly ruined, and he would have to beg her to give him another sitting.

The lady was in a hurry, as she had a dinner engagement, but, anxious to have the business over with as long as she had commenced it, she reluctantly prepared to undergo another siege of contortions and poses. The photographer was slightly nervous by this time, and it was somehow not so easy to arrange the draperies in careless ease or to arrange that queenly head to the best advantage. Do his best, she, who was naturally so graceful, seemed, when viewed through the camera, to be all angles, the shoulders too high or the head too low. But at last all was well, and again he removed the cap, having previously most carefully examined the plates to see that no imperfections existed there.

"I will wait for a few moments," said the lady good naturedly, "to see if the results are more satisfactory than before."

"Oh, I am sure there cannot possibly be any defects this time," he replied reassuringly as he retired to the seclusion of darkness. When in a few moments he appeared again, his face was a study, comical in its puzzled despair. The lady could not refrain a smile as she asked, "Well?"

"No, madam, not well at all—in fact, I never saw sicker looking negatives. To tell the truth, I can't in the least account for it, but the features are so blurred as to be indistinguishable. I never in all my experience had anything like it before, nor can I in any way account for it," said the artist. "I am sure the plates were in perfect condition, as I examined them most carefully. The fault must be in the chemicals, though I never had any trouble that way before. I am really very sorry for the unfortunate failures, but if your patience is not wholly exhausted I would like to try once more."

The lady herself was not only a very determined character, but of an inquiring mind as well, and little relished being baffled at any undertaking; so she replied facetiously:

"I have heard tell of people breaking the camera in attempting to have their ugliness perpetuated, but really, now, I flattered myself that I was not quite so bad as that. I don't like to be defeated in so small a matter, so we will try again, even if I miss my engagement."

"Suppose we try a different plan," she continued as the artist again set about arranging screens and shades. "Let me pose myself, and we will have only the head idealized. Make it a perfect profile. I know my own features and good points so well that I am sure we shall have better results if I simply take my own natural position, and, besides, it will save time."

And so the lady's Grecian features were sharply outlined against a black background, and again the artist attempted to make a negative, and the lady awaited the result. She was not long in suspense.

"It's really no use," said the artist finally as he showed her a plate he had tried to develop, and which revealed, instead of her classic profile, a blurred, indistinct mass of—what? Neither could tell, but certainly it resembled nothing human.

"It is quite incomprehensible," said the artist. "There is no use trying again, for it is evident I cannot get a picture of you. Why it is I cannot tell, but I may be able to unravel the mystery some time. I even tried fresh chemicals with these, but with no better results. If you will call again some other day, we may do better," he concluded dolefully as the lady took her departure, rather disgusted.

The next day the artist received this note:

No. — West Fifty-ninth Street.

My Dear Sir—Were you to see my face today it is possible your failure of yesterday might be logically explained. It is a perfect mass of eruptions from the measles, which made their appearance during the night. My eyes are swollen shut and my face almost unrecognizable. Is it possible the condition of my skin was such that the sensitive plate reproduced it? I will try again when I recover.

Yours, Mrs. —.
Per Maid.

It was even as she suggested. That which was so near the surface, but had not yet penetrated the skin, was clearly brought out by photography. In other words, the measles were photographed before they appeared.—Rochester Democrat and Chronicle.

Vulcanized.

Foreman—That india rubber man just won't become submissive. He seems to get harder every day.

Satan—It can't be helped, I guess. Rubber and sulphur burned in combination always act that way.—Cincinnati Inquirer.

THEY DRIED UP.

Four Sailors on a Desert Island Were Cremated by Natural Heat.

Uncle Robert William Quimby of Lewiston says that he has traveled in all the warm countries of the globe and that he has been in the coldest latitudes. He does not think that we have such very hot weather. If people would make provision for the hot days as they do in India, he thinks we should not notice it so much.

"But," says he, "the warmest weather that I ever experienced was on a small island called John's Biscuit, off Cape Gracias, on Honduras. The Elizabeth Jennings, on which I sailed in 1870 from Portland, stopped there for water, and a boat's crew went ashore for it. It was a little volcanic island and awful dry and hot. We didn't know whether there would be any water there or not, but we did find a spring with a stream as large as a broom handle pouring out all the time. And, do you believe me, the water was dried up and soaked up before it had run four feet in the sand. The place was covered with dried trees, and a little distance away was what looked like a hut—a habitation for man. We went in and found the shrunken remains of four men—sailors probably—who had died in one night, to judge from appearances. One was leaning against the wall in a sitting position. There was dry food on the table, dry meat in a box, and everything was burning dry.

"A letter in the pocket of one man was dated Liverpool, 1846, and on the table was a bottle with a note in it, evidently intended to be cast adrift. It said they were four English seamen, marooned by the captain, left to die. The noted was dated 1846, and I suppose they had been there dead in that hut for over 30 years, and they must have died of heat one day and dried right up. We left them where we found them."—Lewiston Journal.

TONICS.

Two Edged Swords Capable of Mischief as Well as Benefit.

There is perhaps no class of remedial agents more abused than tonics. The abuse consists both in the excessive use and the misapplication of this class of agents, which, within a restricted field, possess an indisputable and important therapeutic value. The misuse of tonics is doubtless the outgrowth of a misconception of the real nature of this class of remedial agents and its limitations. Many physicians also seem to lose sight of the fact that tonics are, as has been aptly said of drugs in general, two edged swords, which are as capable of mischief as of benefit. Indeed, when the true nature of tonics—as is true, in fact, of most medicinal agents—is thoroughly understood, it is apparent that even in cases in which they accomplish the maximum of benefit there is also a certain amount of injury inflicted upon the organism, so that the effect obtained is really and simply the difference between the mischief done and the good accomplished. If the difference is on one side, the total result is benefit; if on the other side, the result is harm. This principle holds good with regard to most remedies, whether the means employed is a drug or a nonmedicinal agent.

The popular idea of a tonic is well expressed in the following definition, which we find in the National Medical Dictionary, "An agent which augments gradually and permanently the strength and vital activity of the body or its parts." A stimulant is defined by the same authority as being "an agent which increases the functional activity of any organ or series of organs." The distinction made seems to be that a stimulant produces temporary excitement, whereas a tonic produces a permanent increase of strength and vital activity.—Good Health.

Incorrigible.

A man of this city who thoroughly loves a good cigar was indulging in a smoke after dinner, when a friend who is given to moralizing touched him on the arm and said:

"I'm sorry that you still have that habit?"

"I'm not," was the emphatic reply. "I was examined for life insurance yesterday, and the doctor says my health is first rate. So there is no use in telling me that it is hurrying me into my grave, for the facts don't bear out the assertion."

"But it's a very expensive habit."

"I find the satisfaction such as to make me content to foot the bill."

"How long have you been smoking?"

"Fifteen or 20 years."

"Do you realize that with the money you have spent in that way you might have laid the foundation for a fortune? Why, you might have been the owner of that block of houses over there."

"I have heard that kind of an argument before, and it does not impress me. If I had bought them with money saved in that way I'd be miserable thinking of the good times I might have had smoking if I hadn't wasted my money on blocks of houses."—Detroit Free Press.

M. Leon's Vote.

It was often said of M. Adrien Leon, who has just died near Bayonne, France, that he saved the republic by a single vote. On Feb. 27, 1875, when the remodeling of the constitution was debated, M. Walton's amendment fixing the conditions for the election of the president was regarded as the crucial test on which the fate of France depended. Leon, sitting in the right center, hesitated, but was persuaded by Gambetta to support the Republicans at the last moment, and the amendment was carried by a majority of one.

Spoons are of nearly the same size all over the civilized world, and four tablespoonfuls make what in medical parlance is denominated a wineglassful.

Edgar, the Saxon king of England, was the Peaceable, from his dislike of war.

EATING HORSE MEAT.

A PRACTICE THAT IS GROWING AND IS WELL SUPPORTED.

Flesh of the Horse Is Healthful and Said to Be Better For Food Than Pork—The Economic Side of the Question Presented In a Forcible Manner.

Paris and Vienna cheap restaurants substitute horse meat for other kinds of butchers' meat, as a matter of course. Hitherto even in Paris, where the advantages of horses' meat as a regular item on bills of fare have been known ever since the siege of Paris, restaurants hesitate to publish the fact that they are serving it to their customers for fear of the popular prejudice. Yet just as oleomargarine is infinitely better than genuine butter of a poor quality, so ordinary horse meat is better for health and flavor than meat from cattle sold for the use of the poorer classes.

The poorer people abroad learn to live largely without meat. A driver on a London omnibus, who seemed to be a man of intelligence and thrift, told the writer that he could afford meat only once or twice a week. The poorer classes in Berlin and Vienna are forced by the high prices to go without meat. In Paris the custom of using horse meat has made it possible for all the poorer classes who have to do heavy labor to obtain a sufficient amount of nourishing animal food.

Horse's meat differs from beef in being slightly coarser in grain and having a slightly richer flavor. Its quality naturally depends on the age of the beast. As a rule, even though it may be tougher, the meat is far safer to eat than beef. While the herds of cattle each year are producing among themselves more tuberculous infection, horses have little chance to communicate tuberculosis or any other disease to one another, because they are seldom kept closely together. The diet of horses fits them for food purposes even more than cows, and infinitely more than swine or poultry.

The business of slaughtering horses for their meat is undoubtedly on the increase in the United States because a large market has opened in Europe for horse meat, especially when it is canned. The Germans are eating it, though unconsciously, in the form of sausage.

An unknown amount comes back to America as canned meat, and not improbably forms a staple item of diet in all public or private institutions where feeding by contract is carried on. That this industry will rapidly increase is certain from the fact that horses are becoming cheaper and more abundant. The farms out west can better afford to feed horses with their grain if they can sell the horses for their meat.

The result will be that if horses come largely into the market as a food product the younger horses will be killed off before they are 2 years old to save the expense of longer feeding them. This will do away with the last real reason against the use of horse meat—that only old and feeble horses are used.

A great gain will be made in preventing the constant production of lame or feeble horses by drivers. Just as soon as a horse becomes a little past his best strength and speed the owners will sell them off to butchers, just as ordinary cows and oxen are sold. The horse for driving and teaming will be then a much finer animal through a genuine "survival of the fittest."

The business troubles in the United States and the increasing number of men without employment are emphasizing the fact that every possible factor must be utilized to make living cheaper and better for the poorer classes. Meat fed labor cannot compete with labor fed on rice or macaroni. But meat fed labor accomplishes better work.

Few people realize how rigidly the old Mosaic law, largely discarded even among Jews, holds among the people at large. On account of distinctions made by the laws of Moses between animals clean and unclean many animals, on account of some peculiar arrangement of their feet, have been denied to the use of mankind as food. The one exception is pork, which is perhaps the most unfit for food of all meat on account of the filthy habits and feeding of most swine.

Orientals decline to eat camel meat, though this also is finding its way to Paris in larger amounts every year. Many kinds of wild animals and birds are disliked from some similar prejudice. Carnivorous animals must always be discarded because of their fondness for carrion. Horses, however, are the daintiest eaters of the entire animal kingdom.

There was a time when horses were so closely associated with man in all work and progress that simple affection for a horse rendered the idea of butchering him repugnant. But now the era of the horse has passed. The bicycle has replaced the saddle horse, the motor wagon the buggy and stage, and the lack of room in city life has made a horse as a pet no longer practicable. That horses will be exterminated if used for butchers' meat is no more possible than that cattle or sheep will be. And the future breeds of horses in America, fostered by the continuous killing off of all but the strongest and most beautiful, will be highly improved.—New York Press.

Music For the Sick.

Once more it is announced that the playing of music is being successfully employed by physicians to soothe disordered minds and relieve those suffering from disease. The earliest recorded attempt of this character is that in which David played the harp before Saul. The result may probably be remembered. Saul threw his javelin at him.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

In modern Greece the language of flowers is developed with such detail and is so generally understood that a lover and his sweetheart sometimes carry on an ideal correspondence by means of clusters of loose blossoms.

IDOLS FOUND WANTING.

Thrown Into the Fire For Failing to Respond to Prayer.

A missionary of the Basel society in India gives an account of a lad 18 years of age named Velayuthan, whose father sought to take him away from the Christians, whom he had joined. The lad stood firmly, but efforts to shake his resolution were continued.

In the middle of July his mother came and told her son, with many tears, that his father was dangerously ill and wished to see him once more before his death. This message melted the heart of Velayuthan, and, wishing to see his father, he was permitted to accompany us on our tour. How glad he was in the anticipation of seeing his parents and brothers and sisters again his face clearly indicated. We heard no sound as we entered the compound, the door of the house was ajar, and Velayuthan's father, who was lying on a mat behind the door, was heard groaning as if with great pain. His son rushed into the house, stooped down over his father and asked him how he was.

All of a sudden the seemingly dying man jumped up, clasped his son in his arms and dragged him into an inner room, trying to fasten the door, raising at the same time such a howl that I felt quite stunned. When the missionary tried to prevent the door being shut, the father, brandishing his long knife, wounded his arm and forced him to let the door go. The howling ceased for a few seconds, and a voice was heard screaming in piercing accents: "Don't kill him! Don't kill him!" We shuddered and feared the worst. But a few moments afterward there was a shout, "He is gone!" and the lad was seen running like a chased deer across the compound, followed by his enemies, his mortal fright giving him strength to leap the hedges. In a few minutes he had reached the missionary's house and was safe.

We learned afterward that Velayuthan's father, when he had his son in his power inside the room, had uttered some threats which made the lad fear that he was about to be killed. Filled with apprehension, he inwardly called upon the Lord for help, when suddenly he saw an opening below the wall plate and escaped thereby. The father, who now feared we should bring an action against him, made two deep gashes across his chest with his knife, ran to the magistrate and accused us of having broken into his house and wounded him.

But the magistrate asked some trustworthy witnesses and rejected the complaint. Next day the mother and brother of Velayuthan came to ask our pardon and told us that his father, after his return from the magistrate, had kindled a fire, taken his idols and thrown them into the fire, with the words: "You did not help me. You may burn."—Parish Visitor.

NAIL CHARACTERISTICS.

They Are an Aid In Diagnosis of Diseases and Traits.

It is said that the moon at the base of the nail is simply an indication of good health and excellent circulation, while the white spots are always the accompaniment of an impaired nervous system. The common idea that an external application of vaseline will cure the white spots is erroneous, and those afflicted with the little "story tellers" would far better turn their attention to securing perfect physical health, in the assurance that the spots will disappear with improved circulation.

It is not possible to create moons at the base of the nails. Frequently the moon is there, but through negligence it is covered by skin, which, without attention, will grow upward over the base of the nail.

It is not generally understood that the shape and appearance of the finger nails are carefully considered and form an important factor in the diagnosis of disease. Long nails are said to indicate physical weakness and tendency to lung trouble, and this tendency is aggravated where the nails are corrugated, and yet more aggravated if they curve from the top back to the finger and across. Where the nails are long and bluish they indicate bad circulation. This same type of nail, but shorter, denotes tendency to throat affection, bronchitis and the like.

Short, small nails indicate heart disease. Where they are short, flat and sunken you may look for nervous disorders. The short nailed woman will criticise her friends and her foes, but she will criticise herself with the same severity. She is apt to be sarcastic and sometimes so quick at repartee that she appears almost brutal. The best dramatic and literary critics possess this type of nail.—Exchange.

A Mussulman's Idea.

A respectable and honest Mussulman—and of course there are millions of Mussulmans entitled to that description—will not swallow alcohol if he knows it, even for the good of his health; will not lift "the harem veil," even if lifting it is essential to the life of his wife or daughter; will not take out an insurance, even when failure to do so is ruinous to him in a business competition, and will not in a country ruled by Mussulmans from any motive whatever short of a necessity such as destroys freedom of will accord equality to men of any other faith. In these respects he is a "fanatic"—that is, he will act upon the precepts of his creed, as interpreted by its doctors, without reference to any other consideration, and especially without reference to convenience or to the opinions, moral or otherwise, of men of any other faith.

A Mussulman's creed is for him the operative law, as custom is for a Chinaman, or a caste rule for a Hindoo, or duty for a good Englishman, or that which is convenant for a respectable Frenchman, and though there are points upon which he will break the law, especially for gain, there are also points, especially those we have mentioned, upon which he will not—rather will be chopped in pieces or chop you and take all consequences serenely.—London Spectator.

LAVENDER LEAVES.

The waving corn was green and gold,
The damask roses blown,
The bees and busy spinning wheel
Kept up a drowsy drone,
When Mistress Standish, folding down
Her linen, white as snow,
Bewteen it laid the lavendar,
One summer long ago.

The slender spikes of grayish green,
Still moist with morning dew,
Recalled a garden sweet with box
Beyond the ocean's blue—
An English garden, quaint and old,
She never more might know—
And so she dropped a homesick tear
That summer long ago.

The yellow sheets grew worn and thin
And fell in many a shred.
Some went to bind a soldier's wounds,
And some to shroud the dead.
And Mistress Standish rests her soul
Where graves their shadows throw
And violets blossom, planted there
In summers long ago.

But still between the royal rose
And lady lily tall
Springs up the modest lavender
Beside the cottage wall.
The spider spreads her gossamer
Across it to and fro—
The ghost of linen laid to bleach
One summer long ago.

—New England Magazine.

THE ART OF CONVERSATION.

It Means Saying Old Things In a New and Charming Way.

Talkers are not those who have news to tell. Their mission is, as Pope described the poets, to put into words what oft was thought before, but not so well expressed. The mind is unequal to the strain of taking information as such all the time. We read just as we dress in new garments—not because we are naked, but because we want to vary our garments. We read poetry for inspiration, science for the laws of life and nature, newspapers for general information, essays and history for relaxation and the basis of knowledge. Any one well read in these must be an entertaining companion, if the faculty of imparting the sum of them be given. In other words, if he or she be a good talker.

Lord Macaulay, one of the best informed men of his time, was so irresistible a talker that whole companies sat for hours to listen. His love of talking was so inordinate that a cessation of his wondrous outflow was jocosely alluded to as a "brilliant flash of silence." They had, it is true, more time to talk in other days than we can set aside now, and there were other occult influences not less conducive to engaging garrulity. In those times the streets were filled with picturesque shapes and colors—the nameless grace of costumes and equipages now seen only on the stage. No wonder that, surrounded by birds of such brilliant plumage, courts and kings, robes and plumes, clashing swords and rustling silks, our fathers and mothers talked well. But in revenge we have a vaster field to draw on for sprightly conversation. The schoolboy of today has a greater fund of knowledge by merely learning life's needs than the best educated of the ancients. But he should be encouraged to make use of this by talk.—Philadelphia Times.

Hardships of Telegraph Poles.

"Yes," said Joseph Donner, superintendent of telegraph for the Southern Pacific railroad, "telegraph poles along the line have a hard time. Particularly is this so out west, where the poles are costly and stations are few and far between. Now, out in the Arizona desert the poles are played the deuce with generally. There is a sort of woodpecker that picks the posts absolutely to pieces, thinking there may be insects inside of the wood. They hear the humming and haven't sense enough to know what causes it. Then near the hills the black bears imagine that each pole contains a swarm of bees and they climb to the top and chew the glass insulators to pieces; but the sandstorms are the things that create the most havoc. When the winds blow strongly, the sand is drifted at a rapid rate and the grains cut away the wood at a fearful rate. It was a common thing to have an oak pole worn to a shaving in a day's time, while I have seen poles just ground to the surface of the earth during a single storm. Things got so bad out there that the company decided to substitute steel poles for the oak and cedar, but that didn't remedy the evil at all. The sand just wore away the metal on each side of the pole until the center was as sharp as a razor, and all the Indians used to shave themselves on the edge. We finally managed to fix things—just painted the poles with soft pitch. The pitch caught the sand, and now every pole is about two feet thick and as solid as a rock."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Made a Difference.

He had just doffed his hat as a remarkably pretty woman passed, and his companion enviously congratulated him upon his acquaintance.

"Oh," he replied carelessly, "that is Belle Gotrocks. Pretty, isn't she?"

"Bet your life. Know her well?"

"Well, I should say! Why, she's an old flame of mine."

"Old flame of yours?"

"That's what I said."

"You may be an old flame of hers, but she is not an old flame of yours."

"What's the diff?"

"If you are an old flame of hers, her father must have put you out?"

"Guess you're right, old man. That's just what he did."—Chicago Times-Herald.

An Everyday Joke.

Woman (who has been turning over shawls for half an hour)—Well, I don't care to buy today. I'm just looking for a friend.

Clerk (politely)—Don't think you'll find your friend among the shawls. We've looked them all through.—New York Tribune.

The first theater in this country to be lighted with gas was a theater at Philadelphia, which put in gas pipes in 18

Twenty-one days are required for a letter posted in New York to be delivered in Bahia.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.

The Great Chain of Letters That Binds the Two Nations.

A most interesting summary of the business of the postoffice of the United Kingdom has been compiled by Mr. J. Holt Schooling, a member of the Royal Statistical society of London. It is of peculiar value to Americans, not only as affording a means of comparison with our own postoffice work, but because it shows anew the close bonds of business and friendship between the two great nations. Mr. Schooling illustrates his statistics with graphic diagrams.

The first thing that strikes the eye in the report is the cost of the British postal service and the profit, for Great Britain makes a profit in this department. The wages of employees alone amount to $32,500,000 a year, while the total cost of the department for the same period is $53,750,000.

The receipts amount to $68,750,000, leaving a balance of $15,000,000 profit a year. This would make a very startling comparison with a large yearly deficit of our own postoffice were it not remembered that Great Britain owns the telegraph too. Doubtless large telegraphic profits offset a deficit in the strictly postal business. On this point Mr. Schooling is unfortunately silent.

While Great Britain exchanges 98,000,000 letters with Europe, she exchanges 61,000,000 with America. This shows the bond between Europe and America, for the next continent on the list is Asia, with whom she makes only 22,000,000 exchanges.

In the comparison of nations the United States stands far ahead of any other, for 41,000,000 letters are exchanged annually between us and Great Britain. The next on the list is France, with an exchange of 25,750,000 letters, and Germany is third, with an exchange of 25,300,000. No other nation approaches nearer than Italy's 6,500,000.

The increase in letter writing in the last 50 years, due to increased education and the enlargement of friendship, business and common interests in general, is very interestingly shown in the compiler's tables. In 1846, for instance, the British postoffice delivered 10 letters for every head of population, while in 1894 46 letters for each head of population were delivered.

With similar intent Mr. Schooling says:

"Twenty years ago the activity of a tiny spot in the tiny spot marked London annually delivered 72 letters in the United Kingdom for every 100 persons living on the area of the whole world, a sufficiently remarkable performance even then. But now this wonderful postoffice machine delivers in these little islands only a number of letters that suffices to provide each unit of the world's population with nearly 1¼ letters annually, and this without including any of the other considerable items of postal matter, such as book packets, post cards, newspapers, circulars, telegrams, etc."

The comparative diagrams indicate the amount of postal matter exchanged by the United Kingdom with the other continents. They show how closely we are bound to the queen's realm through the ties of the post.—New York Herald.

QUICK PROFITS.

A Boy's Improvement on the Usual Programme In Fairy Stories.

"Business" is the watchword of the day, and the small boy is developing on that line with a rapidity which astonishes the previous generation. But the practical side of his nature has not obscured the poetry of childhood. The fairy tale is as potent as ever, and there was a smile of pleasure on the face of the lad who remarked at breakfast:

"I had a beautiful dream last night."

"What was it?" his father asked.

"I thought I was out in the woods, and I saw a most gorgeously dressed lady coming toward me."

"That is a good deal like some of the stories that you have been reading."

"Yes; it doesn't get very different until the end. I knew by her looks that she was the fairy queen, and I made up my mind that I wasn't going to lose chances like some of the boys in story books who didn't know a good chance when they saw it."

"Did she offer you three wishes?"

"Yes, and I called to mind how she sometimes took advantage of a mortal's being excited and nervous when he wished in order to make him waste his opportunities and have a good laugh at him. So when she said, 'Little boy, I'll give you three wishes,' I didn't jump at the chance. I said, 'Will you give me whatever I ask for?' She answered: 'Yes; you may have three wishes.'"

"What did you do?"

"I wished for four."—Washington Star.

Silenced the "Masher."

He had a smile as bright as his gayly colored trap as he rode up alongside a demure young woman who was walking in Central park the other morning upon one of the asphalt paths. She heard the rattle of wheels at her side, yet she turned neither to the right nor to the left.

"Good morning!" said the handsome young man as he raised his straw hat with the dizzy band. "Wouldn't you like to take a ride with me this morning?"

The girl didn't say "Sir-r-r!" or "What means this intrusion?" She slowly turned around and looked the young man over from head to foot. He bore her gaze without flinching and started to get down from his seat, as if to assist her into the trap.

The girl looked at him, and then at the pocketbook which she held in her hand.

"I don't know," she said half aloud. "I don't know. I'm sure. How much would you charge to take me to the Art museum?"

There was a whirl of yellow trap, of bright red hat and of flying wheels.

"You'll not," the young man said as he rapidly drove away.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

TERMS:

One Year, Single Subscription.....$2.00
Six Months.....1.00
Single Copies.....05

All Subscriptions payable in Advance.

Entered at the Postoffice, Chicago, for transmission through the Mail as second-class matter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any money forwarded through the mail, unless it is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order, Draft, or Registered Letter.

All Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the Editor. All business letters should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper Company.

Official Newspaper of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the United Irish Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, DECEMBER 5, 1896.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—"Too Much Johnson."

GREAT NORTHERN THEATRE.
Jackson street, between Dearborn and State—Miss Georgia Cayvan in "Squire Kate."

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. Joseph Jefferson in "Rip Van Winkle."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"The Lday Slavey."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"At Gay Coney Island."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—Vaudeville.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Variety.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st, between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of Gettysburg.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steal
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway:
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

THE STATE OF THE COUNTRY.

When anything goes wrong with the country, as at present, foolish people, whose wish is father to the thought, raise the cry of "Too much immigration." If, instead, they would cry out "Too much foreign goods; too many anti-American dudes; too many trusts and monopolies" they would come much nearer to the truth. That we have had, and are having, "hard times" there is do denying, but to claim that over immigration has produced them is a visible absurdity. Out of the thousands upon thousands who are seeking relief in this and other cities, very few recent immigrants are to be found. Most of the afflicted poor were born in America, or came here when very young. The native or naturalized American feels the pinch of want quicker than any foreigner because, until recently, he was used to prosperous conditions. The country was booming, and nearly everybody who was willing to work could get employment. Four years ago, we were the envy of the world. Today, we provoke almost a feeling of pity in the breasts of foreigners. Our prestige of prosperity is gone. We were not satisfied when we were well off—neither the rich nor the poor among us. We had to have "a change," and haven't we had it with a vengeance?—all change and no money. Unfortunately the American workingmen themselves are much to blame for the evils which have come upon the country. They caused, by their votes, a revolution in our economic policy, and this, coupled with disorders in our financial system, has been the cause of our present misfortunes. Immigration cannot be justly blamed for any portion of them. Speaking at a dinner given recently by the Catholic club of New York city, the Hon. Bourke Cockran said:

"There are some persons who are solicitous lest there shall be too many immigrants in this country. The A. P. A. fears that. And only last night I heard the governor of a neighboring state express the opinion that immigration should be stopped. I have little sympathy with such sentiments. I believe this country owes as much to its immigrants as the immigrants owe to the country. I believe that every man who comes to these shores and engages in any useful labor, creates more than he consumes. His surplus product forms an addition to the capital of the country, and he is a citizen and a patriot who adds to the wealth of the country according as he receives protection and liberty from its laws.

"I have little sympathy for the nervous fear expressed in some quarters that men who come here to labor constitute a menace to the Republic. I have never yet found any danger to the American Republic from foreign-born citizens, and certainly those who distrust them most have the greatest reason for gratitude to them today. I venture to say that everyone in this hall is either an immigrant or the descendant of immigrants. I have yet to find anyone in this country who is not a descendant of an immigrant. Just where immigration becomes respectable and where it becomes dangerous has never yet been defined to the ordinary man."

Mr. Cockran is himself a distinguished immigrant, and nobody can better estimate the all important value of immigration to this country, which, in the words of a witty Irish jarvey to ex-Mayor Noonan, of St. Louis, would be "for rent" only for immigration. The eloquent New Yorker has to bear his own share of blame for having materially aided by his persuasive oratory in defeating Benjamin Harrison for president in 1892.

It must be admitted that hard times visit us periodically no matter what political party may be in power. It is quite possible that, had Cleveland been defeated four years ago, we would have had a period of depression under Republican rule, but the chances are it would have passed away before now. Nearly everybody of common sense admits that the present tariff will not do—it is too low to supply the ordinary needs of the government, not to speak of incidental protection to American industries. One of the first acts of the new Congress will, undoubtedly, be to remodel the tariff; and it is quite possible that a movement for the restoration of bimetalism on a sound basis may be undertaken by the same body. Senator Chandler, of New Hampshire, and other Republican leaders, desire to make the bimetallic plank in the platform adopted by the party in St. Louis effective, and it has not been denied that the President-elect himself is, and has long been, a bimetallist in the broad sense of that term. We have little faith that Europe—at least England, Holland and Germany—will co-operate with this country for the restoration of bimetallism, but that McKinley will make the effort we firmly believe. Then, should the majority of the old world nations refuse their assent, we will have been thrown on our own responsibility, and in the words of Bismarck, we must lead, not follow, Europe in her financial policy. When a principle is admitted by a party—as bimetallism has been by the Republican—the policy is never long in coming practically to the front. Besides, the adoption by the Republicans of sound bimetallism during McKinley's administration would force their opponents to find an entirely new issue for the campaign of 1900—and this is a consummation most devoutly to be wished.

PARNELL'S MONUMENT.

A despatch, dated New York, Nov. 30, says:

"One result of the lecture delivered here last night by John E. Redmond, Irish member of parliament, and particularly of his eulogy of Parnell, is a movement to raise a fund to erect a monument over the grave of the dead leader at Glasnevin, now unmarked even by a modest stone. The suggestion is made by County Clerk Henry S. Purroy, a Tammany leader out of favor with the wigwam, who offers a check for $500 to start the fund."

No man better deserves from Ireland a lasting monument than Charles Stewart Parnell—unless it be Emmet and the Manchester Martyrs. There was one characteristic of Parnell that called for admiration—he never condemned Fenianism or the principle of total separation from England. Neither did he preach homilies on the sin of blood-letting in a good cause, like some other great Irish leaders. He called the Fenians his "reserves," and he always took pride in such manly protests against foreignism in Ireland as that made by brave old Kilkenny town against Admiral Nelson and the Union Jack a few weeks ago. The majority of the Irish people treated Parnell badly, but they did not do it spontaneously. They did not think about what they were doing. They forgot, when they hurled poor Parnell from power, at the dictation of the English Whigs, that the progenitors of these same English idolized the lecherous wretch known as Henry VIII, and made a goddess of his able but infamous daughter, Elizabeth. In fact, the English have never been greatly bothered about the morals of their political leaders—if they had been they would have had but few leaders. It was only the ultra-national element in Ireland that stood by Parnell—that element always visibly in the minority, but, invisibly, the saving salt of the nation. It is this element which, yearly, converts his grave at Glasnevin into a shrine. No gravestone marks his resting-place. What would they raise above his dust? Surely not an obelisk, for that would indicate a finished career. Not a round tower, for that rises above the ashes of O'Connell—a more showy, but, perhaps, less deserving leader than Parnell. A broken column would be appropriate, but it would be symbolical of a broken cause. It would be most difficult to devise a suitable monument. The man was immolated by a majority of his own race at the behest of their enemies—the strangest contradiction in all history. Under such circumstances, what, we again ask, would be a suitable monument?

The grass-grown grave conveys no reproach. It is as if the dead chief were shrouded in the flag of his country. Why not let it rest at that until Ireland accomplishes something worthy of winning the forgiveness of the friend she repudiated? Neither marble nor bronze can add ought to the glory of Parnell—even though his life ended in defeat, despair and death. If a simple slab is placed above the grave, this would be the appropriate inscription:

Here Lies
All that is Mortal of
CHARLES STEWART PARNELL,
the Champion and Benefactor
of the
Irish Tenant Farmers,
and the
Intrepid Advocate of Irish National Independence.

—

He was Denounced by the English Prime Minister, Deposed by the Irish Hierarchy and Deserted by the Irish Constituencies.

—

Then He Died.

N. B.—This is not assertion but history.

THE DENOUNCING OF MADDEN.

We don't think the people who met in Douglas hall, Indiana avenue and Ttirty-fifth street, last week to denounce Ald. Madden did his cause much harm, because their remarks were unnecessarily abusive. THE CITIZEN does not believe, for example, that Mr. Madden is either a "liar" or a "coward," and the use of such epithets toward a man in his position is not wise or well bred. The fault we have with Mr. Madden is that he is so busy attending to affairs of state that he, sometimes, forgets the interests of the Fourth ward. He allows the railroad corporations too much of their own way on the thoroughfares of that section of the city, and he fails to stir up the Department of Public Works in the matter of the construction of alleyways already, and for years, condemned and assessed. We know whereof we speak, and, for this reason, we have frequently found fault with Ald. Madden in these columns, and will continue to do so until he reforms his methods. As for the senatorship, it is an office of dignity, and can be made useful to the people by any decent incumbent who gives it his whole time and attention. The aldermanship is hardly an office of dignity, considering the scandals that have clustered around it like fungi around a decomposing stump, but it is nearer to the people than the senatorship, and the people are apt to feel that a careless alderman will not make a careful senator. Several excellent men are mentioned for the latter position as well as Mr. Madden—John M. Smyth, William E. Mason, George E. Adams, E. S. Conway, George R. Davis and the rest. Our personal choice is Mr. Smyth, but, apart from him, we have no preference. However, we will say, in conclusion, that it might have been well for Aldermen Harlan, Kent, and the others from outside, to have left the actual citizens of the Fourth ward to do their own "repudiating."

WE are glad to observe that in a recent duel, where several shots were exchanged, Ireland's gallant friend, M. Lucien Millevoye, editor of La Patrie, Paris, escaped unhurt. His opponent was also uninjured.

EDMUND MORTIMER has placed a member of his Steinway Hall Stock company, Miss Alice Peasley, with the Rob Roy company, now playing in Kansas City.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"I. A. L," city—Unavoidably crowded out this week.

SPIRIT OF THE IRISH NATION.

Nowadays it is customary with the enemies of Ireland's resolve to have her own again, to pretend that there is no reality in the demand, that it is little more than the reverence of a warm-hearted people for an honored tradition, and that in a very short time, under the influence of English benevolence the spirit of Irish nationality will be hushed away forever. Furthermore, these belittlers of our struggle predict that in a short time every Irishman, no matter how sprung, whether his parentage be Milesian, Norman or Saxon, will have recognized the vanity and the futility of looking for a free Ireland, and will willingly become a loyal subject of the British crown, and be, in all but the place of his nativity, as much a Briton as the Cockney of a London slum, or the menial who pays homage and service to royalty within the walls of Windsor castle. The wish is father to the fancy with Englishmen. They—the most leather-headed among them—are by this time convinced that their glory as a race has been marred irretrievably, and their prestige as a great power humiliated in the eyes of all the nations of Christendom to whom they would wish to appear as "lords of human kind," by the remorseless tyranny of the methods they have practiced in Ireland to break the spirit that could never bend, and make Irishmen weak and uncomplaining victims of their barbarities, their persecutions and their unjust and iniquitous laws.

Convinced of this, and convinced of Ireland's hate for British rule, of Ireland's longing for autonomy, and of Ireland's desire to live at peace with England, if only restitution for past wrongs, and the only effective means of removing present evils is offered in the concession of a native legislature, it may be asked, Why do Englishmen persist in this hostility to Ireland's national demand? Because of their ineffable vanity in the first place; because they do not wish to make a concession that would look like a surrender or an admission of wrong-doing in the second place; and because, perhaps, of a desire to continue plundering us under the guise of protecting us, in the future as in the past, because of the advantages rendered by the system to the British exchequer. But the Saxon is, above all things, a bargain maker, and ought surely to ask himself what it is that he gets in return for these three reasons of his for denying us restitution. He gets Irish hate in abundance, so intense, so heartfelt, and so passionate, that to a Nationalist Irishman the Englishman who justifies his country's misrule in Ireland is the incarnation of every evil. It is, let us assume, an unreasoning hate, but a persecuted and downtrodden people are not inclined to reason when they think of the source whence all their ills arise. But right or wrong, justifiable or not, the hate is there, and by this time every sensible Englishman is aware that it is something more than a mere emotion, that it can take practical form, that it can hurt in a vital part. English misgovernment produces Irish hate, Irish desire for vengeance, and out of that grows danger for England, if not within the seas of Ireland, at least in America, where Ireland is strong, and where she can excite American statesmen to alarm England with the terrors of a Monroe doctrine. That is what England obtains because of her obstinate refusal to do us justice. The concession of autonomy would in a moment remove that hate, cement an alliance between the two nations that would make them irresistible, stifle all the jealousies and racial animosities that keep them apart, and add immeasurably to England's strength, influence and prestige among the nations of the world.

But as there is yet a majority of Englishmen who, following the lead of Salisbury in thinking it good policy to crush powerless peoples and whine before mighty ones, will not realize the necessity for Home Rule, so it is incumbent on every Irishman worth his salt to show that we are today as ever—our party and personal differences apart—resolved to go on with the cause; to honor those who work for it; to keep in loving memory the names of those who, in the past, fell or fought, or sacrificed for it; and to have it proclaimed that there is not a man in Ireland who believes in Irish manhood who fears to speak of '98.

Let Englishmen never put the flattering unction to their souls that we are going to abandon this fight. We dare not. The ghosts of our ancestors for hundreds of years back would rise in revolt out of their graves to terrify us with their reproaches. We could not. For the very blood that flows through our veins, the very instincts of our souls, would forbid it. We would not. For to work for Ireland is the most sacred and hallowed duty that Irishmen can engage in. Some time in the year after next, thousands and tens of thousands of Irish exiles will visit this country, to show to the world that they treasure in their hearts the memory of those who in the dark and bitter days of '98 fought foot to foot with England, defied her tortures, avenged their wrongs, sacrificed their lives, but put a new soul into Ireland. Next Sunday Irishmen all the world over will honor the memory of the Manchester Martyrs, and in all their chapels and places of worship will pray for their souls, and perhaps with the prayer many will mingle [illegible] on the people that perpetrated this outrage on humanity and speckled the prestige of their justice with the blood of innocent Irishmen. But the butchery at Manchester did not prevent the martyrs praying on the scaffold, "God save Ireland," and that prayer, whether Englishmen like it or not, will ascend with unceasing earnestness to heaven while one single Irishman is left to do battle for the cause and to honor the memory of the dead.—United Ireland.

POLAND AND ARMENIA.

Mr. Waclaw Perkowski, a New York Pole, makes the following touching appeal through the columns of the Literary Digest:

"Why is it that American papers so persistently and so forcibly speak of outrages committed by Turkey upon Armenia and Crete, while they say not a word of the outrages committed daily upon Christian Poland? Why is it that while some of them go to the extent of inflicting moral chastisement upon one of their contemporaries (*vide* editorial pages of Journal, Aug. 22, and Press, Sept. 16 or 17) for its defense of Turkey, they do not take the slightest pains to ascertain and bring to light the crimes inflicted upon a nation of 30,000,000 Christians, by Russia, Germany and Austria? Why is it that while they blazon broadcast the news of the atrocities committed by Spain upon the Cubans, by Turkey upon the Armenians and Cretes, by England upon the Somalis, Matabeles, Mashonas, Zulus, Boers and other petty tribes of the Dark Continent, they view with unconcern the sufferings and the misery of that nation which, by reason of its geographical situation and its spirit, received on its own breast and parried the numerous blows of the heathen Tartars, Mongols, Turks and of the no less heathen Russians (properly Muscovites) intended for Western and Southern Europe?

"When Pope Pius IX. was asked by a party of Polish pilgrims for relics, he said: 'Do you want relics? Why, my children, every handful of the earth of your unfortunate country is a holy relic!'

"When Czar Alexander II. of Russia ordered the Uniates (Greek Catholics who recognize the Pope of Rome) of the Diocese of Chelm to be converted to the Russian Orthodox church by force; when in 1874 the Uniates of Podlasie were persecuted in a manner for the description of which the pen is inadequate; when in the villages of Drelow and Pratulin eighteen martyrs fell under the fire of Muscovite bullets while many were severely injured; and when, in 1875, the Diocese of Chelm was forced into schism, Pope Pius IX. said: 'The blood of the weak and innocent always calls to the throne of God for vengeance on those who spill it. And in our times, do we not see this innocent blood spilled in a Catholic country, in unfortunate Poland, for the holy faith?' And again: 'The mighty ruler of Russia, unmindful of the judgment of God which awaits him for his awful crimes—this ruler persecutes the Polish nation with barbarous cruelty. He undertakes the work of destroying the holy faith in Poland!' The Holy Father ordered prayers to be offered up for Poland and blessed those who prayed for her.

"Has the persecution of the Poles for their nationality, for their religion and for their superior culture been lessened? By no means. Have Russia, Germany and Austria grown less vindictive against the Poles? Has Russia laid the knout aside? Has it ceased to tear husbands, fathers, sons, from their families and to transport them to Siberia? Has it ceased to persecute the Catholic religion? No! The outrages committed upon the Poles by the enemy can not be well pictured with the pen—blood and tears only are able to convey a proper idea of Poland's lot!

"Why, therefore, do they not raise their voice as earnestly in behalf of those who, inscribing on the banners, 'For our and your liberty!' shed their blood in all the four quarters of the earth, in all lands where peoples were struggling for freedom?"

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOANNA BURKE.

Mrs. Joanna Burke, the venerable mother of the Right. Rev. Maurice J. Burke, bishop of St. Joseph, Mo., and of James C., John C., William and Patrick Burke, of this city, died at the residence of her son, James C. Burke, Thirty-fifth street and Grand boulevard, on Saturday of last week, in her 90th year. Mrs. Burke was born in Ireland, but came to America when quite a young woman, and had been a resident of this state for more than half a century. She was a devoted communicant of the Catholic church, and her good works brought her the sincere regard of all who had the pleasure of knowing her. Her gifted son, Bishop Burke, is one of the best known members of the American Catholic hierarchy, and her other sons are all prominent in business and social circles.

The funeral occurred on Monday morning from the residence to St. James' church. High mass of requiem was celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop Burke, assisted by several priests, and the sermon, which was a peculiarly eloquent and effective discourse, was preached by the Rev. D. J. Riordan, pastor of St. Elizabeth's. Within the sanctuary were seated the Rev. Fathers McGuire, O'Brien, Quinn, VanPelt, Dorney, O'Gara McShane, Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill.; Kehoe, Bowen, Hayes, McDonald, Tighe, Wolfe, Maloney, Smyth, Murphy, Conway, Kelly, O'Sullivan and many others. Among the pallbearers were Col. M. C. Hickey, John E. McMahon, P. H. Rice, John Brennock and other old citizens. At the conclusion of the requiem mass the remains were escorted to Calvary cemetery by an imposing cortege. Requiescat in pace.

GALESBURG HIBERNIANS.

Interesting Exercises on the Occasion of a Double Anniversary—Eloquent Address of State President Keating—Other Numbers.

One of the best celebrations held by any organization in this State latterly was that of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Div. 1, at Galesburg, on the 23d ult. It was the fifteenth anniversary of the founding of the division, and the twenty-ninth of the Manchester Martyrs. It was held in the opera house, which was beautifully decorated and hung with pictures of Irish patriots, including Emmet and O'Connell. Only three of the charter members of the division remain, Messrs. P. J. Tobin, J. W. Barry and M. G. Kennedy. The demonstration was presided over by Mr. C. J. Kelly, who expressed pleasure at seeing so fine an audience present. Miss Alice Welsh opened the programme with a piano solo, which was warmly applauded. "The Last Rose of Summer" was sung admirably, as a quartet, by Misses Russell and Brady and Messrs. Dougherty and Flynn. They were accompanied by Miss Lizzie Conley. Other numbers were taken care of by M. J. Dougherty, Miss Kate Russell, Miss Kate Carroll and Mr. J. W. Flynn.

Mr. John T. Keating was introduced, and congratulated the Hibernians of Galesburg on the success of their entertainment. He praised the splendid work of the brothers of Galesburg, and urged continuance of same. He told how in the dark, dismal penal days of sad memory to the Irish people, from the masses of the people came into existence a society which was fated to be the standard bearer of the hopes of the Irish race. In graphic words he described the terrible condition of Ireland in those evil days, and the staunch defence by the Hibernians of the priest and people. Some historians may ignore the influence and strength of the society in those days, but the few records still existing give unmistakable evidence of its power for good. It may be looked upon as the only bulwark which successfully resisted the attack of undertaker, Orangeman and red coat, and saved a nation from extinction. Finding a home in this great Republic early in the century it spread its ramifications through the cities and towns of eastern States, carrying with it the needs of religion and smoothing the way for the priest through the wilds of the great west. He said its work speaks for itself, and the cold figures of authenticated reports speak in louder tones than the orator's voice of the volume of good accomplished. In the cause of Irish literature a Gaelic chair was established by the Hibernians, and the hope of rescuing from oblivion the beauties of Irish music was placed in the Ladies' Auxiliaries, whose aid was so welcome to the brothers long engaged in the battle for faith and motherland.

Mr. Keating closed by saying: We come before the American people as members of a society which guarantees that those within its fold are taught to be good citizens of this great republic. We will harbor none who do not love and honor justice and freedom. Our life-long mission is to destroy the evil traits of character which may have been sown among our people by the enemy. We know that slavery and oppression breed envy, distrust, deceit and greed, and we aim to undo the work of English misgovernment by cultivating among our people Friendship, Unity and Charity. We are humble in our spheres of life and our work is unostentatious, but in the hour of danger none will leap more readily to defend the Stars and Stripes than the men who wear the Green and Gold. We may be thoughtless but we are never ungrateful, and while we are proud of what we contributed to the upbuilding of this great nation, we are grateful for the opportunity it afforded the Irish race to prove, in spite of the falsehoods of their opponents, that the Celt was capable of resuming the position he once proudly held as the generous patron of literature, the wisest of lawmakers and the most valiant of soldiers. The Hibernian of today, in his devotion to his faith, treasures deep in his heart the fond hope that the day may come when the land of his forefathers would enjoy the liberty and privileges he shares today in the home of his adoption.

The address was an interesting and polished one. Addresses were also delivered by State Secretary Daniel McGlynn, of East St. Louis, Mr. J. F. Maley, of Galesburg, and Mr. John Downs, of Peoria. After a light supper was served, President C. K. Kelly called the company to order and speeches were made by Messrs. Keating, McGlynn, Downs, Dougherty and Maley. It was a very enjoyable occasion.—Galesburg Republican.

SACRED CONCERT.

It affords us great pleasure to be able to announce to the lovers of music that the choir of St. Francis Xavier's church, LaGrange, Ill., is going to give another sacred concert in the church, Sunday evening, Dec. 6. This choir has already given two sacred concerts which were attended by such enormous crowds that the church was crowded to its utmost capacity, even standing room being occupied. The last concert, which was given nearly six months ago, was a pronounced success, and was attended by people from far and near, over a hundred going from Chicago. This concert, like the two former, will be under the direction of the director of the choir, Prof. Hans S. Line, who is considered one of the most talented and finished musicians and composers in Chicago. Of Prof. Line, as musician and director, too much cannot be said. That he is a capable director cannot be doubted, and as a musician and composer he is winning new laurels daily. His talent is emphasized by his artistic taste, which has been cultivated for the sublime in his art at the University of Vienna, of which he is a graduate. He will be assisted by a complete orchestra from Chicago. The musicians of this orchestra are celebrated artists of great talent, and will add much in the rendition of a very fine programme—the finest programme of sacred music, perhaps, ever offered to the people of LaGrange. The programme, which evinces the most careful selection and familiarity with the classic composers, will be rendered by artists of great talent, and is as follows:

PART I.

1. Organ and String Quartette—"Largo".....Handel
2. Duet—"O Salutaris (Morning Hymn).....R. Hamma
   Mrs. Edward Coulter and Mr. Thomas Carson.
3. Solo—(Contralto)—"O Divine Redeemer".....Gounod
   Miss Frances S. McCaffrey.
4. Quartette—"And God Blessed the Seventh Day"...A. F. Andrews
   Mrs. H. S. Line, Miss McCaffrey, Messrs. Keller and Carson.
5. Solo—"Ave Maria".....Rossini
   Mrs. Ida Hemmi.

PART II.

6. Quartette—Two Violins, Viola and Cello—F major....Beethoven
7. Duet—"Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee".....J. H. Brewer
   Mrs. H. S. Line and Mr. F. L. Keller.
8. Solo—(Baritone)—"The Palms".....J. Faure.
   Mr. Thomas Carson.
9. Oratorio—"The Four Seasons"
   (First Part—"Spring"....Haydn
   Soli and Chorus—St. Francis Xavier's Choir.

Of the singers and selections it is needless to speak at any great length here. It is not saying too much that at least six of these singers on the programme are artists of great merit. As a splendid climax to this excellent programme, Haydn's "Spring" will be rendered by the complete choir. It is not necessary to speak of Haydn's genius as a composer. In this Oratorio it reaches the sublime—the genius of inspiration.

The sacred concert will take place Sunday evening, Dec. 6, at 8 o'clock. Price of admission will be only 25 cents. It is expected that the church will be crowded to the doors. For the benefit of those who wish to attend from Chicago the railroad has kindly offered accommodations and facilities. The train leaves Union depot, on the C., B. & Q. road, at 6:10 p. m., and will return, leaving LaGrange, at 10:16 p. m. Railroad tickets can be had at suburban gate, Union depot, for 30 cents round trip. We understand a large crowd of West Siders, where Father Hagan was formerly stationed, are to attend in a party, going out on the 6:40 p. m. train.

The Irving Theatre.

One of the latest of the vaudeville projects is the opening of the auditorium of the Peoples' Institute building as a full fledged playhouse. This beautiful theatre, at VanBuren and Leavitt streets, is in the heart of the big West Side, and has heretofore been used only for amateur entertainments or for semi-religious affairs, and has only within the past two weeks passed into the hands of an amusement company, who have engaged Mr. Thomas W. Prior, so well known in this city as a caterer for years to the theatre patrons, and he has promply rechristened the auditorium with the name of the "Irving Theatre." Sosman and Landis have evolved complete new scenic investiture, and the artisan's have transformed the front of the building and its interior. It is the intention to run the theatre Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday evenings and Saturday matinee of each week. At the matinee a special price will be made to the children of 10 cents for the best seat in the house, the regular prices being those prevailing in the best vaudevilles—30, 20 and 10 cents. A special feature will be the having of reserved chairs on the entire lower floor, so that family parties may be assured of sittings together. The bill presented will consist of the best vaudeville talent in the city each week, and the latest and best of the modern photograph projection machines, the Amet Magniscope.

REV. DR. CONATY.

Chosen to Succeed the Rt.-Rev. John J. Kean as Rector of the Catholic University, Washington, D. C.

So Says the Roman Correspondent of the Baltimore "Sun," Who Appears to be Well Informed.

The Baltimore Sun's correspondent at Rome cables as follows:

"Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Conaty, rector of the church of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, Mass., has been appointed by the Pope as rector of the Catholic University at Washington, to succeed Bishop John J. Kean, who resigned Sept. 29, 1896."

Rev. Thomas J. Conaty, D. D., was seen at his home in Worcester, Mass., soon after the news of his appointment was received. In fact, the dispatch was, he said, the most direct and authentic news he had received about the matter. However, in view of the fact that no official notification of his appointment had yet reached him, Dr. Conaty said he did not care to discuss the subject aside from declaring that he is very grateful for the many expressions of confidence already received, and that he has been deeply sensible of the trust imposed in him since the day his name was first mentioned in connection with the office.

No information has been received at either the Catholic University or the Papal legation in Washington concerning the statement that Dr. Conaty had been appointed rector of the university. It was stated at the legation, however, that there was no reason to doubt the authenticity of the report. If the subject came before the propaganda, which it no doubt would, action would be taken on Thursday, as the propaganda meets Thursday. It was also stated that there was no reason to expect an announcement of the appointment by cable to the legation.

As a man of sound learning and philosophy and schooled in the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, Dr. Conaty was recommended to Cardinal Satolli two years ago, and the latter visited the Summer School at Plattsburg last year. He was charmed with Dr. Conaty, and said he was the very man to be at the head of the Catholic University. The night before he sailed for Europe, Cardinal Satolli, it is said, announced at a reception given to him in Brooklyn that his choice for the rectorship was Dr. Conaty.

When the directors of the university made up their list of recommendations Dr. Conaty's name was one of the three. In fact, it was the first on the list. The other names submitted to the Pope by the directors at the meeting of Oct. 20 for the position were Rev. D. J. Riordan of St. Elizabeth's church, Chicago, and Very Rev. Joseph F. Mooney, [illegible] New York.

Dr. Conaty was national treasurer of the first American Land League. He is well known in the East as a clear, incisive speaker, leaving the impress on any assembly into which he comes of a brainy, efficient and forcible man.

Born in Ireland, August 1, 1847, he came to Massachusetts with his parents in May, 1850, and there, in Taunton, received his early education. He entered Montreal (Sulpica) college in December, 1863, and left it in 1867, to enter Holy Cross college, Worcester, where he graduated in 1869. He returned to Montreal for theology, and was ordained in December, 1872. His first seven years of priesthood were spent at St. John's church, Worcester, as assistant to Mgr. Griffin. In January, 1870, he was appointed pastor of the parish of the Sacred Heart, Worcester, where he is at present. In January, 1889, he received the degree of divinity from Georgetown college, at its Centennial.

From 1873 to 1887 he was a member of the Worcester Board of Education. He served a term of six years as trustee on the free public library, and is now serving his second term. He has been prominent in total abstinence, having served two terms as vice president and two as president of the national organization. Always interested in the advancement of his people, he has been identified with the movement since its inception in 1880, and has been a leading figure at the great conventions.

NORTH SIDE HIBERNIANS.

This evening (Saturday, Dec. 5) the regular semi-monthly meeting of Div. 8 will be held at 62 North Clark street at 8:30 o'clock. All members are requested to attend, as the committee having charge of the recent ball expect to be able to make a final and complete report. Officers for the coming year will be elected, and every member should be present.

Div. 31, which meets at Lake street and Western avenue, under the presidential guidance of the true and stalwart Hibernian, P. C. Desmond, will give a grand ball on Friday evening, Dec. 18, in Apollo hall, Blue Island avenue and Twelfth street. Div. 31 goes into this with a right good will, intending to furnish a pleasant and enjoyable time to the numerous Hibernians who will, no doubt, be one among them.

It is very annoying to officers of divisions, as well as to the members, to have relatives of deceased brothers, who were in "bad standing" at the time of their death, appealing for or demanding funeral expenses and other benefits from divisions. Members who are over a year in arrears can have no reasonable or sensible claim against a division for sick benefits, and in case of death it is very unjust for the relatives of the deceased and disqualified brother to claim funeral expenses. There certainly cannot be a member in our Order whose finances compel him to get twelve months in arrears. It would interest me very much to be shown a member who does not expend 35 cents per month for causes less worthy than that of Hibernianism. Some claim it costs too much to belong to a division of the A. O. H. Such people never consider that for a mere nothing they are brought in contact with respectable and influential members of their own race, who strive to promote their welfare and win for them respect and patronage from the outer world. The advisability of divisions carrying members for a period of five or six months overtime seems to me to be a somewhat questionable way of helping on our Order. Societies, other than ours, have strict rules and adhere to them, and their members are aware of this and guard against suspension or expulsion. It is a well-known fact that by doing a favor to some people you do not win their gratitude, but are more liable to be called "easy," and continued favors to this class are soon abused as rights.

It is but recently that a former member in Cook county died. He had been in bad standing for over a year. His division carried him and regarded him as being in good standing for six months after his legitimate suspension. All efforts to get him to pay up his dues were in vain, though inability to do so was not, and could not, be given as an excuse. At his death his name was not on the roll of membership, but members of the division which he had forsaken still cherished his memory, and many went to his funeral to prove their respect for him. Since then his family have claimed the customary benefits paid to the families of deceased brothers who were in good standing at the time of their death. The division, however, very properly, but very politely, informed the applicants of the real condition of affairs, but the explanation was not too favorably received, the applicants having already been in full possession of the facts. Therefore I would like to see divisions a little more exacting in the collection of dues, etc., though I am not at all opposed to a fair amount of leniency, and the extension of favors, but too much of either is hurtful to the division, it tends to create a feeling of carelessness and indifference in a certain class of members, it finally loses members for you, and will ultimately lead to such annoying terminations as the above case illustrates.

J. J. S.

GAELIC DEPARTMENT.

Feis Tighe Chonain Chian Shleibhe Sonn

(LEANTA).

'Eagcóir dhuit a n-deárnais, a Fhinn,' ar an t-athach, 'óir ni riot do rinneasa coinghioll, acht ris an bh-Féinn.' Adubhart-sa nach ar shlán an Fhiann gan mé féin. Gairid dhúinn mar sin go rug Liagan Luaimneach ó Luachair Dheaghaidh orrainn, agus Caoilte mac Rónáin lona dhiaigh, agus luatha na Féinne ar cheana; agus do thagradar sleagh ó gach duine acu do chuir thrid an athach agus a mharbhadh fám' lámhaibh: gidheadh do sinceasa orra é. Gairid go rugadar tromlach na Féinne orrainn, agus d'fhiafraigheadar cread an fhuireach do bhí ar an athach gan a mharbhadh do láthair. 'Dob' ole an chómhairle sin,' ar an t-athach, 'óir do mhuirfidhe duine dob' fhearr ná mise am' éiric.' Do cruadh-chuibhreadh an t-athach do'n chor sin, agus nior cbian dhúinn go d-táinig Bran Beag O'Buadhchain d'fhógradh fleadh orm-sa, agus rángadar an lion sin d'Fhiannaibh Eirionn leis d'á thigh: do leasaghaidh teach n-óla dhúinn an tan sin; agus do tharraingeadar an t-athach isteach fó lár an tighe, agus do cuireadh bh-fiadhnaise cháich é; agus d'fhiafraigheadar de cia é féin? 'Roc mac Diochain m'ainm,' ar sé, 'eadhon, mac do reachtaire Aonguis an Bhrógha theas, agus thug mo bhean sruith seirce fíor-áighmheil, agus tuile trom-ghnádh do Sgiath Bhreac mhic Dathchaoin, a[illegible] sdd. eadhon, do dhalta-sa, a Fhinn; agus do ghoill orm-sa go mór isi do bheith ag moladh Idith agus gaisge a leannáin, agus na Féinne ar cheana; agus adubhairt-sa go bh-fághainn féin a ceile chum ratha agus Fianna Eirionn uile; agus ránagsa gus mo charaid ionmhidin Aongus an Bhrógha, d'á eagcaoine ris, gur chuir ins na riochtaibh-se me: go d-tug foluadhmhuin gaoithe draoidheachta fághaim mar do chonnaceabhairsi; agus is iad sin mo sgéala dhibh,' ar an t-athach, agus ni beag dhibh ar imrighcamhair do dhith agus do dhochar orm.' Iar sin do léigeadh an t-athach ar siúbhal nach ar bh-feas dúinn cá'r gabhadh ris; gurab uaidh sin atá an seanfhocal 'mar rugadh Roc go teach Fhinn,' gurab é sin fuasgladh do cheiste, a Chonáin," ar Fionn.

(*Translation*)

The Festivities at the House of Conan of Ceann-Sleibhe.

'You have dealt unjustly by me, O Fionn,' cried the giant; 'for it was not with you I arranged the combat, but with the Fenians.' I replied, that the Fenians were not perfect unless I myself were with them. We had not remained long thus, when Liagan Luaimneach from Luachair Deaghaidh came up to us; he was followed by Caoilte Mac Ronan, together with the swiftest of the Fenians. Each of them couched his javelin, intending to drive it through the giant and kill him in my arms, but I protected him from their attacks. Soon after this the main body of the Fenians arrived; they inquired what was the cause of the delay, that the giant had not yet been slain. 'That is bad counsel,' said the giant, 'for a better man than I am would be slain in my *ceric*.' We bound the giant strongly on that occasion; and soon after Bran Beag O'Buadhchan came to invite me to a feast, and all the Fenians of Eire, who had been present, accompanied him to his house. The banqueting hall had been prepared for our reception at that time, and the giant was dragged into the middle of the house, and was there placed in the sight of all present. They asked him who he was. 'Roc, son of Diocan, is my name,' replied he, 'that is, I am son to the Legislator of Aongus of the *Brugh* in the south. My wife poured a current of surprising affection and a torrent of deep love upon Sgiath Breac, son of Dathcaoin yonder, who is your foster-son, O Fionn; it hurt my feelings severely to hear her boast of the swiftness and bravery of her lover in particular, and of the Fenians in general, and I declared that I would challenge him and all the Fenians of Eire, to run a race with me; but she sneered at me. I then went to my beloved friend, Aongus of the Brugh, to bemoan my fate; and he metamorphosed me thus, and bestowed on me the swiftness of a druidical, as you have seen. This is my history for you; and you ought to be well satisfied with all the hurt and injury you have inflicted upon me already.' The giant was thereupon set at liberty, and we could not learn where he betook himself. The proverb, 'as Roc came to the house of Fionn,' has originated from that circumstance; and so that is the answer to your question, O Conan," said Fionn.

(LE BHEITH LEANTA).

"I Was completely run down, but Hood's Sarsaparilla has built me up, and I always keep it in the house."—Maude Martin, 637½ West Forty-seventh street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

H. R. EAGLE

70 WABASH AVENUE.

DURING DECEMBER,

THE CHRISTMAS MONTH, you will probably buy more Groceries than in any other month of the year; for that reason it will pay you to buy where you can get the most for your money. Below we quote only a few of the bargains we have to offer. Read each item carefully, and we feel convinced there will be inducement enough for you to not only come yourself, but cause you to bring your friends with you to buy their Groceries of us.

1-lb. cans Almond Maccaroons, regular price 35 cents—sale price	15 cents
Southwell's Imported Jelly, per jar	9 cents
2-lb. pkgs. Self-Rising Buckwheat	Per pkg.
2-lb. pkgs. Pancake Flour	3 cents
¼-lb. cans Coleman's Genuine Mustard	9 cents
Dark Brown Cooking Sugar, per lb	3 cents
Fresh Ginger Snaps, per lb	2½ cents
1-gal. jugs Cider or White Wine Vinegar	14 cents
1,440,000 Swedish Matches for	60 cents
A 50-bar box Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap for	$1.29
10 lbs. bulk Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour for	29 cents
Wheat Manna per pkg	7 cents

Per pound for **25cts** After-Dinner Java ...COFFEE...

Cereal Blend Roasted Coffee, per lb ..... 14 cts
Fancy Golden Roasted Rio Coffee, per lb.. 20 cts
"J. Ambrosia," the finest Uncolored Japan Tea brought to this country, per lb..... 35 cents
A very nice, smooth drinking Gunpowder Tea, per lb..... 25 cents

CAN GOODS.

	Per Can.	Per Dozen.
3-lb. cans Asparagus	17 cents	$2.00
3-lb. cans Baked Beans	7 cents	79 cents
2-lb. cans Western Lima Beans	6 cents	70 cents
2-lb. cans Extra Green Limas	7½ cents	89 cents
2-lb. cans Stringless Beans	5 cents	55 cents
2-lb. cans Sugar Corn	5 cents	59 cents
2-lb. cans Ocean Corn	6 cents	65 cents
2-lb. cans Diamond Extra Sweet Sugar Corn	7 cents	80 cents
2-lb. cans Wild Rose Corn	8 cents	90 cents
2-lb. cans "Country Gentleman," the finest corn packed	9 cents	$1.05
1-lb. cans Hotel Mushrooms	14 cents	$1.65
2-lb. cans Nichols Early June Peas	7 cents	80 cents
2-lb. cans Triumph Extra Early June Peas	9 cents	$1.00
3-lb. cans Golden Pumpkin	5 cents	60 cents
3-lb. cans Extra Pieplant	13 cents	$1.50
2-lb. cans Fancy Succotash	6 cents	70 cents
3-lb. cans Sweet Potatoes	9 cents	$1.00
3-lb. cans Squash	7 cents	80 cents
2-lb. cans Spinach	8 cents	90 cents
3-lb. cans Standard Tomatoes	6½ cents	75 cents
3-lb. cans Extra Red Ripe Tomatoes	7 cents	82 cents

CAN PEACHES.

3 lbs. Griffin White Peaches	8 cents	95 cents
3 lbs. Griffin Yellow Peaches	9 cents	$1.00
3 lbs. S. F. & Co.'s Yellow Peaches	10 cents	$1.10
3 lbs. Rio B. California Peaches	10 cents	$1.20
3 lbs. Vinton Yellow Peaches	11 cents	$1.15
3 lbs. Will Yellow Peaches	12 cents	$1.25
3 lbs. Michigan Yellow Peaches	12 cents	$1.30
3 lbs. Extra California Peaches	14 cents	$1.50

BUTTERINE.

A 9-lb. Pail Plain Butterine for ..... 79 cents
A 9-lb. Pail Reliable Dairy Butterine for ..... 99 cents
A 9-lb. Pail Wisconsin Dairy Butterine for $1.25
A 9-lb. Pail Purity Creamery Butterine for $1.50

Do not let the name Butterine frighten you—our business is to furnish you with good goods at reasonable prices and save you from the high-priced grocers, who will tell you that nothing is good but what they offer you—that to get good butter you must pay 25 or 30 cents per pound for it. We would urge such as are being imposed upon in this way to try our Purity Creamery Butterine: it is healthier, cleaner, better flavored, less liable to spoil, and will give better satisfaction than the average butter, in addition to which it will cost you about one-half what some grocers will charge you for their butter that does not give as good satisfaction as our "Purity" Creamery Butterine.

SPECIALS.

27-oz. bottle Fancy Spanish Queen Olives	25 cents
½-pint bottle Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce	18 cents
10-lb. boxes Prunes—they are the largest and finest grown—35 prunes make a pound—price, per box	$1.20
All new Mixed Nuts, per lb	7 cents
Taragona Almonds or English Walnuts, per lb	9 cents
Shelled Almonds, Shelled Walnuts, Shelled Brazils	Per lb., 25 cents
Shelled Pecans, Shelled Filberts	
A. B. Gum Drops, per lb	3 cents
Best Broken Lump, per lb	5 cents
A 15-lb. pail Pure Fruit Jelly for	29 cents
3-lb. tin pails Lard Compound	15 cents
Orange and Lemon Peel, per lb	7½ cents
Raisins, large new Valencias, very fine	7 cents
South American Relish, a fine table relish, prepared from fruits and spices of South America, per bottle	9 cents
Hand picked Navy Beans, per bushel	$1.09
Gallon cans Pure Maple Sirup	95 cents
A 1-gallon can of what is sometimes called "Maple Sirup" for	60 cents

CANDY

CHEESE.

	Per Lb.
Herkimer Full Cream, white	16 cents
Western Full Cream	12 cents
Wisconsin Full Cream	10 cents
Skim Milk Cheese	5 cents
Norton's Pineapple Cheese, each	40 cents
Edam Cheese, in foil	70 cents
Neufchatel Swiss Cheese, each	3 cents
Roquefort Cheese	30 cents
American Swiss	9 cents
Brick Cheese	9 cents
McLaren's Imperial, per jar	29 cents

TOILET SOAP, ETC.

Green Castile, 3 cakes in box, for	4 cents
Dairy Buttermilk, 3 cakes in box, for	5 cents
Cocoanut Oil, 1 doz. in box, for	18 cents
Turkish Bath, 1 doz. in box, for	39 cents
Balsam Tolu, 3 cakes in box	9 cents
Sweet Maiden, 3 cakes in box	13 cents
Marshal Niel, 3 cakes in box	19 cents
White Lily, 3 cakes in box	25 cents
½-pound pkg. Powdered Borax	4 cents
Chlorate of Potash Tablets	5 cents
50c bottle Cough Syrup for	18 cents

FANCY TABLE SIRUP—Quart cans, 7 cents; gallon cans ..... 35 cents
GOOD BAKING POWDER—Half-gallon cans, 14 cents; 5-gallon kegs ..... 98 cents
NEW TOMATO CATSUP—¼-lb. cans, 3 cents; 1-lb. cans ..... 9 cents
½-lb. cans, 4 cents; 5-lb. pkg ..... 35 cents
Half-pint bottles, 4 cents; gallon jugs ..... 49 cents
Full pint bottles, 8 cents; 5-gallon kegs $1.75

SPECIAL PRICE ON FLOUR.

H. R. EAGLE & CO. 196 BEST MINNESOTA PATENT MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

FLOUR.

Our H. R. Eagle & Co. "Best" Minnesota Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills in Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time. Price, per brl $4.59

H. R. Eagle & Co.'s Best Flour in Bags.

98-pound bag	$2.19
49-pound bag	$1.09
24½-pound bag	56 cents
Best Bohemian Rye Flour, brl	$3.59
Best Michigan Graham Flour, per brl	$3.47

A 38-lb. bag finest pure New York Buckwheat Flour for $1.00

SKATES.

Warranted Skates, ground and sharpened, all steel, full clamp, all sizes, regular price 45 cents—our price ..... 21 cents
The celebrated Long Reach Skate, all clamp, ground and sharpened, full clamp, handsomely nickeled throughout, warranted the best made, regular price 75 cents—our price ..... 29 cents

H. R. EAGLE & CO., Wholesale and Retail Grocers, 68 and 70 Wabash Avenue.

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IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

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We have a supply on hand for those who call at this office and pay. We will send them by mail or express to subscribers in the country. This offer lasts only for a short time.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Prairie State Savings AND Trust Company,

On September 28, 1896.

RESOURCES.

Loans secured on real estate and other available securities	$	634,104.02
Bonds and stocks (City of Chicago, County of Cook and other bonds)		613,500.00
Cash and exchange		330,474.52
		$1,578,078.54

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$	300,000.00
[illegible]		[illegible]
Deposits		1,221,978.68
		$1,578,078.54

DIRECTORS.

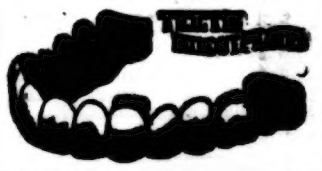
HENRY J. EVANS, C. B. SCOVILLE,
GEO. VAN ZANDT, D. W. BUCHANAN,
GEORGE WOODLAND.

DR. A. F. CONROY,

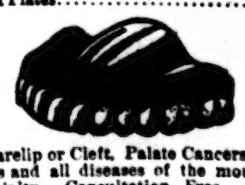
DENTIST,

McVicker's Theatre Building,

ROOM 20.



Set of Teeth	$4.00
Best Set	8.00
22k. Gold Crowns	4.75
Silver Filling	.50
Gold Filling	1.00
Bridge Work, per tooth	5.00
Gold Plates	30.00



Harelip or Cleft, Palate Cancers, Tumors and all diseases of the mouth a Specialty. Consultation Free. Children's teeth examined free on Saturday from 2 to 4 p. m.

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SUITE 616, 618 & 620 REAPER BLOCK,

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Eugene Field Monument Souvenir Fund,
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CHICAGO & NORTH WESTERN RAILWAY

SULLIVAN & HEALY, ATTORNEYS, 602 REAPER BLOCK, 97 CLARK-ST.

ESTATE OF BARTHOLOMEW TOBIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Bartholomew Tobin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

ANNIE TOBIN,
Administratrix, with the will annexed.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administratrix

ESTATE OF MARY TOBIN, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Mary Tobin, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November 11, 1896.

ANNIE TOBIN, Executrix.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Executrix.

ESTATE OF CHARLES MCARTHY, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Charles McArthy, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November [illegible], 1896.

LAWRENCE P. O'REILLY,
Administrator.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administrator.

ESTATE OF MARTIN KEATING, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of Martin Keating, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of January, A. D. 1897, being the 18th day thereof.

Dated Chicago, November [illegible], 1896.

[illegible]
Administrator.
Sullivan & Healy, Attorneys for Administrator.

THE STACK BEHIND THE BARN.

September is here, with the ripened seeds
And the homely smell of the autumn weeds.
My heart goes back to a vanished day,
And I am again a boy at play
In the stack behind the barn.

Dear memory of the old home farm—
The hedgerows fencing the crops from harm;
The cows, too heavy with milk for haste;
The barnyard, yellow with harvest waste,
And the stack behind the barn!

Dear, dear, dear, the old garden smell,
Sweet William and phlox that I loved so well,
And the seeding mint and the sage turned gray,
But dearer the smell of the tumbled hay
In the stack behind the barn!

In the side of the stack we made our nest,
And there was the playhouse we loved the best.
A thicket of goldenrod banding and bright
Filled us with glory and hid us from sight
In the stack behind the barn!

Then when the stack with the year ran low
And our frosty morning cheeks were aglow,
When time had forgotten the dropping leaves,
What joy to jump from the barn's wide eaves
To the stack behind the barn!

Oh, childhood years! Your heedless feet
Have slipped away with how much that's sweet!
But dreams and memory master you.
Till the make believe of life is through
I still may play as the children do
In the stack behind the barn!
—Charles G. D. Roberts in Truth.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE

I have just received a letter from an old friend which recalls a remarkable operation I once performed in transfusion of blood. Some months ago I was introduced to an English gentleman who was making San Francisco his headquarters with the expectation of meeting his son, who had set out about a year before to make the tour of the world by the eastern route. Community of tastes threw us much together, and one day it was arranged that we should make a duck shooting expedition to some convenient quarter.

Tomales bay was the locality selected, and thither we went with the intention of taking a three days' holiday. On the second day, however, just as we were in the act of pushing off shore—I was already in the boat—Wycherly made a spring and landed just where his left foot caught somewhere about the lock of one of the guns, thus letting it off and pouring the whole charge of shot into his right leg. He fell upon the stern seat, while the man, who was just springing after him, turned his energies to dragging the boat back to land. In a moment I was at the wounded man's side, and at length got him upon the beach.

In a few moments I had ripped open his trousers leg. From the position of the wound and the spouting of the blood it was easy to see that the posterior tibial artery had been severed, and that if prompt measures were not taken he would soon bleed to death. Improvising a tourniquet out of a handkerchief and a bit of stick, I temporarily stopped the flow of blood, and the attendant and I carried my now unconscious friend to a dairy ranch near by, where the hospitable farmer put a comfortable apartment at our disposal. Now was it a bit too soon, for the system of compression I had been obliged to use proved too weak for the great iliac artery, and, just as we laid Wycherly on a couch, the torrent of which I had been apprehensive burst forth again. I was now, however, in a better position to act, and by the time the man—whom I had dispatched on horseback for my instruments—returned I had the case well under control. The only cause of alarm now was extreme weakness and the risk of secondary hemorrhage.

It was while watching by Wycherly's bedside that I evolved the plot which forms the gist of my story. I determined to try transfusion, and, to tell the truth, I rather congratulated myself, from a professional point of view, that chance had thrown in my way such a splendid opportunity.

I watched the men when they came in to their noonday meal, and among the dozen or two I saw two whom I singled out as those who must serve my turn. It did not require a second glance at their ruddy cheeks to assure one less knowing than a surgeon that they possessed a practically unlimited store so far as my purpose was concerned of the pure life fluid of which I was in quest. When I broached my project, they were at first very averse to it, but finally they agreed to the terms, provided it did not entail much pain. Luckily I had some cocaine with me, and so anesthetized the region of the median vein that they did not even feel the incision, and I accomplished a satisfactory transfusion into Wycherly's arm at the same spot, despite the fact that I had to improvise an apparatus out of a syringe and some tubing which I found in my case. My point, however, was gained. I had succeeded in saving my friend's life, for the moment at least. I had also sent the two youths away in high spirits at having earned two months' wages in a couple of hours and with the admonition not to do any more work till I saw them again. I had telegraphed down to San Francisco and received, by the first train, such instruments and appliances as I had ordered to be sent me.

I had left the room for a few minutes with my patient resting comfortably, but on my return, what was my horror to see that the ligature had burst, the bedclothes were drenched with blood, and the deadly pallor on my friend's unconscious face, with the weak and intermittent jets of blood from the reopened artery, told me but too plainly that he was already almost past human aid. Hastily applying a styptic and compress, I again tied up the blood vessel, meantime shouting lustily for Fritz and Wilhelm, who happened to be near by, and came running in with some other members of the family.

Before Fritz and Wilhelm had bared their arms my plan was laid. I recollected having seen that morning the carcass of a newly killed calf hanging up in the slaughter shed. I bade some one fetch me the heart and neighboring organs. When these arrived, finding them still warm, I selected a blood vessel somewhat larger than those I was about to cut, and speedily had four pieces of about an inch in length ready for use. I then led Fritz to the left hand side of the bed, and at once severed the cephalic branch of the median vein of his right arm at the elbow. Raising the left arm of the dying man from the bed, I made Fritz sit down so as to bring them nearly to a level and cut the same vein at the same place. My purpose was to connect the lower extremity of Fritz's vein with the upper of Wycherly's, and vice versa. To do this I slipped the cut pieces of the calf's blood vessel over the cut extremities of Wycherly's vein, and then inserted the corresponding ends of Fritz's vein into the other ends of the calf's vein, which served precisely the same purpose as the joint used in connecting two pieces of metal pipe. After completing the connection I brought the arms of both men close together, bandaging them tightly in that position, so as to obviate any risk of breaking the connection. Then I took Wilhelm around to the right side of the bed and connected his left arm in the same manner with Wycherly's right. A complete and perfect connection had now been formed with the circulatory organs of the three men—they formed, in fact, one circulatory system.

No perceptible effect was noticeable upon Wycherly for half an hour. It is true he was being supplied with the life giving fluid from two sources, but they were by no means abundant ones, and besides out of thirty odd pounds of blood which a healthy man possesses I am afraid to say how much he had lost. In the case of the youths, however, a critical observer would have detected a very appreciable diminution in the color of their faces, and in order that they might not become alarmed at any feeling of weakness I ordered some bottles of the best wine the establishment afforded to be brought and administered it to them freely, at the same time diverting their thoughts as much as possible.

Soon I noticed that the color was returning to Wycherly's cheeks. It was evident that his life was saved and that the measures I had employed had been the means of doing it. About half an hour afterward Fritz and Wilhelm became restive. I explained to them that to move from the position they were in, much less to have the bandages taken from their arms, would entail the death of the sick man; that their meals would be brought to them there, and that they would even have to sleep just where they were; also that I could not tell exactly how long this condition of things would last, but that while it did they would get $20 a day apiece for their services after that day, for which they would get $100 apiece. The sight of the gold which I counted to each of them—having received a supply that morning from Wycherly's bankers — removed the last trace of discontent.

From that day on Wycherly's recovery was steady and rapid. Within a week his appetite returned, and he was strong enough to have been up and about.

Several more days elapsed, until one morning I considered it safe for the invalid to take outdoor exercise. I did not at once sever the connection which bound him to the two young Germans, partly because of some observations I had made which suggested a peculiar train of thought. Was it fancy that Wycherly was becoming structurally and organically affected by the new blood which was now circulating through his system? Could the mere transfusion of ordinary blood into his veins have given the freshness of look, the elasticity and buoyancy of spirits which were now his, to a man who, scarcely two weeks before, had been upon the bed of death? And could it be possible, on the other hand, that I detected a somewhat older look in the German lads who formed part and parcel of this curious physical trinity? It was with a view to observe more closely and thoroughly both the surgical and physical aspect of the case that I decided to preserve the status quo for a time at any rate.

Up to this time, at my friend's request, I forbore to send any intimation to his friends at home regarding the serious accident that had befallen him, as he feared to cause them unnecessary alarm. Now, however, he requested me to write them a full account of the matter, and also of his rapid convalescence. There were, he told me, only three members of his household proper, now that himself and son were absent—namely, his aged mother, his sister and a young lady, a distant relative, who was betrothed to his son. Before this letter was dispatched the China mail brought news from his son, who wrote to say that he found Japan so interesting that he did not propose to leave it for a month to come.

From this time on a most remarkable physiological change began to take place in the three beings who were so curiously linked together by their circulatory system. They were evidently fast becoming assimilated in physical features and conditions. Wycherly was indeed growing younger, while his companions were growing proportionately older. Once I was able to grasp and recognize this dominant fact I found myself wondering, not so much at the fact per se as at the rapidity with which the change was being accomplished. I could only account for this last feature of the strange metamorphosis by remembering that the blood now coursing in the veins of this strange partnership was, in the first instance, almost wholly that of the young Germans, as Wycherly's vessels were well nigh drained at the commencement of the trial. He therefore took a fresh start in life, so to speak, with a large capital of new blood, and since then he had been contributing only one-third of the supply to the common stock or partnership circulation. Accordingly only one-third of the common blood was being assimilated by old organs, while two-thirds were being assimilated by young and robust ones. In addition to this Wycherly's assimilative organs were being fed and their waste carried off by blood which was day by day becoming younger as the process went on. It was therefore impossible to escape the mathematical conclusion that Wycherly would grow younger, while Fritz and Wilhelm would grow older, till a stable equilibrium in the physical condition of the trio was reached.

I confidently looked forward to the time, and that at no distant date, when I should have the satisfaction of seeing before me three robust young men of 28, at which time there would no longer be any occasion to maintain their enforced union. I further calculated that the state of equilibrium in age would be reached in about a month from then, so that by the time my friend's son arrived from Japan there would be but the slight disparity between 23 and 28 in their respective ages.

Two days before the China steamer was due I carefully separated the three men. The altered appearance of Wycherly, though in the highest degree striking to me, excited no surprise among the dairy people, who had first seen him in a deathlike swoon and who attributed his altered looks to returning health. As for the young men who had become prematurely matured through keeping company with an invalid, no one thought anything of it, and no one pitied them, as they had been paid liberally for their loss of vitality. Wycherly, however, upon his return to the city, sent each of them a check for an amount which amply represented the earnings of the eight years of life which they had lost. We returned to the city in company, a fashionable tailor fitted out the young English gentleman, my guest, and we arranged to meet next morning to go together to the China steamer.

"Is Mr. Wycherly on board—Mr. Stephen Wycherly?" asked my friend next day of one of the stewards.

"Mr. Wycherly?" replied the man, starting. "Why—oh, yes, I remember. Please to wait, sir, till I call one of the officers."

Presently we observed one of the officers coming forward, conversing with the steward. As he came up he bowed gravely and said:

"I grieve to tell you, gentlemen, that Mr. Wycherly died on the passage here and was buried at sea. If you will accompany me to the surgeon's cabin, he will supply you with all the particulars." And he led the way aft.

Sorrowfully I followed the grief stricken parent, whose bowed head and unsteady step showed the violence of the blow.

"I am speaking to Mr. Wycherly's brother, I presume," said the surgeon after the officer had explained our errand, turning to my companion. "The resemblance is so striking that I do not think I can be mistaken, though I should say you were slightly his senior."

"His father," replied my friend simply.

"His father! Excuse me. If you will come inside, I will show you my books."

It turned out that poor Stephen, my friend's son—his name, also—had been taken down with dysentery on the sixth day out from Yokohama and had never rallied from the attack.

"Did you remark the surgeon's expression of incredulity when you said you were the father of the Mr. Wycherly who died on the passage?" I said to my friend next day as he sat in my office. "It may turn out that you will have trouble in establishing your identity. I can, of course, vouch for it, but it is not likely that my story would gain undisputed credence, seeing that it is unparalleled in the annals of science?"

"Make yourself easy on that point," returned Wycherly, with something of heat in his tone. "As to my friends at home, is it reasonable to suppose that they would fail to recognize one who is thoroughly conversant with each detail of our family affairs?"

"I hope it may turn out as you say," I remarked dubiously.

Just then my servant entered with a card. I started on reading it and handed it to Wycherly.

"Miss Gertrude Tremaine!" he ejaculated. "But how—how"—

"The lady has come to inquire regarding Mr. Wycherly—Mr. Stephen Wycherly," said the boy.

"Show her in," said I, and immediately a tall, handsome brunette appeared in the doorway. She looked first at one and then at the other, as if undecided how to act, then advanced to where Wycherly was sitting, too bewildered to speak, and took him by the hand.

"Why, Stephen," she said, "don't you know me? But I didn't expect to find you here. I thought I should find papa here. They told me I should get news of him here at the place I used to direct all my letters to."

"Why, Gertie," returned Wycherly, regarding her with embarrassment, "don't you know me? Don't you know Stephen's father?"

"What does this mean, sir?" she said, drawing herself up with offended dignity. "But do not flatter yourself it was to see you, sir, that I came. I came at the express desire of your grandmother and aunt to see that your father was being properly taken care of. Oh, Stephen," she continued in a softened tone, "they are so very anxious about him at home."

"But, Gertie, I am old Stephen Wycherly, whom you came to see," said my friend.

"You!" she cried with a ripple of silvery laughter, as if now entering into and enjoying the joke. "You! I suppose you think that having made the tour of the world gives you the right to assume age. And now I come to think of it, perhaps it does, for you do certainly look five years older than when you left us a year ago, if that is anything in your favor."

I had been studying all this time how to extricate my friend from his dilemma. So, rising and looking at my watch, I said in a fatherly sort of way:

"You young people can get along very well without me, I think. I have an engagement which will take me at least half an hour; so I am sure you will excuse me."

When I returned, they were gone, and merely a note from Wycherly remained on the table, saying that he would communicate with me shortly. From that day to this I heard nothing of him till I received this letter:

WYCHWOOD HALL, NORFOLK, Sept. 15.

MY DEAR DOCTOR—Forgive my abrupt departure from San Francisco. You no doubt wonder how matters have turned out with me. First of all, Gertie—Miss Gertrude Tremaine, now my wife—made a terrible noise after you so considerately, and, I will add, pusillanimously went (she is looking over my shoulder now and has made me put in that last adverb) because I persisted in telling her I was old instead of young Mr. Wycherly. By little and little and by explaining as well as I could that the treatment I had received after the accident she read about in your letter had produced the extraordinary change in my appearance, she subsided into an apparent acquiescence with what I told her. You may call it what you please, you may attribute it to the transfusion or to the arts and wiles of Gertie, but certain it is that before we were half over the Atlantic I was head over heels in love. Nor was it a one sided affair, either, and by the time we reached home we were engaged.

How I dreaded going home! When we got into the carriage at the railway station, the footman while touching his hat "hoped that I had left my father well." The same thing was repeated at the hall. My mother wept over the return of her grandson, and my sister fell upon the neck of her nephew. When, two months after our return, Gertie and I were married at the village church, I am satisfied that nine-tenths of the people present believed that the Stephen Wycherly who signed the register was son to the man who stood before them. And what is the use of setting people right upon the question? I have determined to remain Stephen Wycherly, Jr., since they will have it so. Your friend,

STEPHEN WYCHERLY.

P. S.—I inclose two checks for £100 each for Fritz and Wilhelm.

There! What do you think of that for a denouement to my transfusion operation?—Robert Duncan Milne in San Francisco Argonaut.

Man and His Necktie.

"It is a curious thing," says an English woman, "to note the subtle affinity between the young man and his necktie. Talk of 'the style' being 'the man!' In these days of sober masculine attire the cravat nine times out of ten denotes the individual and, above all, his humor. Observe how he has fingered his tie, and you shall know his mood. When I meet Florizel, for instance, prancing down the street of an afternoon, with a little shepherd's plaid necktie twisted into the most rakish of bows, then I know that he has an appointment with Amanda at 5 o'clock, and that the lady has a mind to listen to his suit. Other days I espy him in something limp and forlorn and lavender colored. This is not a lucky day with Florizel, and if you fail to make good your escape he may go so far as to talk of his difficulties, still more darkly of the colonies, while for twopence he will tell you of the perfidy of the whole female sex.

"There are men—and worthy citizens, too—who always wear blood red silk about their throats. There are others who will adorn themselves with ready made bows which buckle in some mysterious fashion at the back, but this variety of genus homo is held by the well dressed to be beyond the pale. There is yet another sort of man who invariably wears it in a rather depressed looking sailor's knot. This is the kind of young man you can depend upon. He is neat, careful, modest, conscientious, honorable and of good report. But, to tell the strict truth, he is not always deliriously amusing. On the other hand, beware of the youth who wears an enormous cravat frothing out on his unmanly bosom. He is, alas, too often a mauvaise langue and would sacrifice you—or his grandmother—in order to set the tea table in a roar."—Boston Journal.

The Cigar Stump Exchange.

Without a doubt the most novel exchange is the Cigar Stump exchange, held at Paris, in the ancient Place Maubert, which is the resort of more curious characters than any other place in the world. On the steps which lead to it from the Boulevard St. Germain the Parisian Cigar Stump exchange meets every pleasant afternoon.

All members of the exchange bring their wares to these meetings in paper boxes. There is no dealing in futures. Each broker sells only the cigar ends actually in his possession.

The buyers on this exchange are wholesalers and retailers. The wholesalers buy up all the stumps they can get for about a franc a pound, clean them, cut them up fine and sell the product in packages with fancy covers as smuggled tobacco for 3 or 4 francs a pound.

The government tobacco of similar quality costs between 5 and 6 francs a pound. The retail buyers purchase only two or three pounds of stumps at a time for their own consumption. The prices on the Tobacco Stump exchange vary, of course, as on other exchanges, according to the relations of supply and demand.

In winter, when fewer persons smoke in the street, fewer stumps are found in the gutters and brought to the exchange, and the sellers get 10 or 15 per cent more for their stumps than they get in summer when the boulevards and squares are crowded with smokers.—Paris Journal.

Blood Brotherhood.

Mr. Patterson, writing in Nature on inoculating persons from temperate zones with the blood of persons living in the tropics, says: "These inoculations set up in the blood of the foreigner the changes necessary to render him immune to diseases due to climate. Blood brotherhood, as practiced in central Africa, consists in drawing blood from an incision in the right wrist and smearing a little of it over a similar cut in each of the other participants. Europeans generally have evaded blood brotherhood, so that little concerning its physiological effects is to be learned from past experience, but Stanley is said to have undergone the operation 50 times, causing Trumbull to declare that the blood of a fair proportion of all the first families in equatorial Africa now courses in Stanley's veins, and it is inferred that his endurance and success may in a large measure be attributed to this exchange of blood with the natives."

MODELING A STATUE.

TEDIOUS PRELIMINARY DETAILS OF A SCULPTOR'S WORK.

He Must Be Something of a Mechanic as Well as Artist—Great Care Required In Working With Clay—Marble Carved at Carrara by Skilled Workmen.

It is said of Michael Angelo that he carved some of the greatest masterpieces directly from rough blocks of marble without any preparatory studies or models; but, then, the great Florentine was a genius, and his knowledge of the human form and his powers in delineating it were supreme.

The model appeared to him superfluous, but he sometimes miscalculated how far his blocks of marble would carry him in the realization of his ideas. It cannot be wondered at that his method has been followed by few, on account of the colossal difficulties involved in carrying it out, and few sculptors would consider themselves competent to attack a mass of stone and carve therefrom a figure almost breathing with life. Even in the old days sculptors resorted to more artificial and prosaic methods for the evolution of their ideas in bronze or marble.

When we look upon a finished marble statue, we rarely think of the time and labor that have been expended on it. First, a model must be made, but even preliminary to this the sculptor puts his ideas in the form of a rough "sketch" in clay or wax, according to the delicacy required.

Here the main points are rapidly molded in, and some idea is obtained of how the statue will look when it is finished. A passing thought, an idea, is in this way fixed and is more carefully worked up in the model.

As a rule the first model is small and is of clay or wax, and at first consists of a nucleus of tow or some such material, on which the clay is laid. Bit by bit it is built up until by trimming and adding, flattening and rounding off, the figure comes to assume its proper proportions.

The rough outlines of the "sketch" are developed, new ideas are added, others are altered, and by degrees the realization of the sculptor's thoughts begins to appear in the clay.

In the actual manipulation great care must be taken that the clay is of the proper consistence and possesses the requisite amount of moisture; otherwise it may become dry and crack.

A still more serious accident is where the clay crumbles to pieces. In this way the labor of months may in a few minutes vanish into a mass of debris, an experience which many sculptors have had.

To guard against this the clay must from time to time be moistened, and when work is finished for the day the model must be carefully covered with damp cloths. In this way accidents may be prevented.

When large models have to be made, extra precautions must be taken against drying. The nucleus must be made strong, of iron rods along the lines where there is least support, as in the case of outstretched arms or legs, and the rods must be properly fixed in a stable basis.

At first the figures are modeled nude, and full regard is paid to all anatomical details. The drapery is added afterward from studies arranged on lay figures.

When the model is finished according to the taste of the sculptor, a second one is made of the exact size intended for the final piece of work. Where the statue is to be made of bronze the full size model is an absolute necessity, as the casting in bronze is made from the model, and it reproduces the latter in every detail.

Where the statue is to be of marble the final model need not necessarily be full size, and many sculptors prefer working from small, highly finished models. Usually, however, a full sized model is made in clay.

The sculptor can still alter or modify his original design, bringing certain features into greater prominence, subduing others.

When the model is finished, a cast of it is taken in plaster, and this latter is used as the final model, and, with it as a guide, the block of marble is carved by skilled workmen. This is an art which has been carried to a high degree of perfection in Italy, and the workmen of Carrara are famous.

The sculptor makes his model in clay and takes a plaster cast, and then sends it to the works in Carrara, whore it is chiseled and then returned to him for the final touches.

After the choice of a suitable block of stone a most important piece of work has to be done—namely, the marking of certain points on the plaster cast and the determination of similar points in the marble. Various methods and instruments have been recommended for this purpose.

In practice a divided frame is used, and the exact distance of certain marked points on the plaster cast is accurately measured. Fixed points on the stone are marked, and from these the other points are measured with instruments, and the depth to which the stone must be cut or drilled is determined with great accuracy.

In this way all prominent points are marked out, and holes are drilled to the required depth and the intervening marble chiseled away, at first roughly, then with greater and greater care, till the marble begins to assume its finished shape.

In the larger sculpture works one man does the marking, another the rough chiseling, another the fine work. Finally a stage is reached when it passes into the hands of the sculptor himself, and he it is who puts the lines of genius into it with his fine instruments.

Although the workers in Carrara are clever, they seldom are gifted enough to supply the finishing touches which give the characteristics of the great sculptors themselves.—London Sketch.

GATHERING RUBBER.

A Woman Missionary Tells How the African Natives Collect It.

In the months of March and April during the rainy season one sees busy life in the native towns of the French Kongo. The men are preparing to go to the bush to cut rubber. Every woman and child seems to have something to do, and even the men do not lounge about as usual, but are sharpening their knives and machetes and putting their guns into proper trim. The women are digging cassava, and some of them are washing it and preparing chiguanga or native bread. Others are cleaning the cassava with knives and tying it into mattets made from palm leaves. This kind of cassava is roasted over the fire and eaten warm, while the bread is eaten cold and is mostly used on the road. The men carry their guns so they may kill the game which abounds in the forest.

When all is ready, a drunken carousal and dance are given the night before the start by way of saying farewell to the villagers left at home. Sometimes a good place with plenty of rubber plants is found after a march of two or three days, but oftener the journey takes a week or more. In this case the men keep carriers on the road with food for them, because there is nothing to be had in these parts with the exception of game.

The rubber in central Africa is not a tree, but a vine, often three or four inches in diameter. This vine generally climbs up the tallest trees, and the natives often use one of the vines to ascend the tree. After the branches are reached, which in most cases are at least 50 feet from the ground, the men proceed to cut the vines away at the top, leaving only one for their descent, and this one, if possible, not a rubber vine. It seems strange that the natives cut away the rubber plants and so destroy them instead of tapping them, but they are too lazy to learn any other way.

After the vines have fallen they are cut into lengths of three or four feet, and the juice is collected into iron pots. This is a tedious job. The piece of the vine is held over the pot, first by one end, then by the other, until the juice ceases running. Then the piece is cut again to get at any juice which may have been left in the middle. After a pot is nearly full a rest is taken, and this juice is boiled for nearly two hours, and during the boiling process is mixed with the juice of other vines and some lime juice, so that the mixture is more sticky and easier formed into balls.

As soon as it cools down sufficiently to be handled the hardening rubber is shaped by winding it at first around a stick. After a bit the stick is pulled out, and the ball is rewound to finish it off. In some places these balls weigh three pounds or more each; in others five of them make a pound. The purity of the rubber depends much upon how much other juice has been added. The best and purest is that obtained from the juice without boiling. This is only found in the shape of bracelets, because the natives wind the juice as it runs out around their wrists and let it dry there. When perfectly dry, it slips off easier. This would be transparent rubber if the skin and fingers of the natives were not so very dirty.

The natives often used to put foreign substances, such as small stones, palm nuts and little balls of grass, into the rubber ball to make it heavy. They were soon found out, and every ball is now cut through the center to reveal its mixture. Often the rubber is buried for some days because it draws the moisture from the ground, which adds to the weight. Cheating is resorted to because the pay is so poor. It takes a party of eight or ten men and boys six to eight weeks to gather from 80 to 100 pounds of rubber. The value of this, if all is first class, is from 200 to 250 yards of cotton cloth or 40 gallons of rum or 3 or 4 flintlock guns. Surely this is poor pay for this kind of work.

Still the natives rejoice greatly if the men from one town return with 100 pounds. It seems like a fortune to them, because they need so little that civilized people crave and pay for. When this little fortune is spent and the weather permits, another trip is undertaken to the rubber region.—New York Sun.

Three Silent Sisters.

There is in Tennessee a family of three sisters which presents some of the most startling peculiarities imaginable. The three sisters, all of whom are old maids, live together on a farm—their sole means of subsistence—and work early and late to earn a livelihood. Two of them work in the field, while the third does all the cooking and other housework. There is but one period of the year when any member of the trio has anything to say to any other member. All during the winter, spring and summer they go about their business with the seal of silence on their lips. When autumn comes and the crop is harvested, they break the silence, and then only to quarrel like demons over a division of the proceeds. When each has succeeded in getting all that she thinks possible, silence reigns again until the next harvest time. The sisters have made a name for themselves. They are known far and near as the deaf and dumb triplets, although this title is scarcely appropriate.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

No Life on the Moon.

While it is not possible to know anything positive concerning the question whether the moon is or is not inhabited astronomers have long since agreed that the probabilities are favorable to the supposition that there is neither animal nor vegetable life existing on the surface of fair Luna. The very strongest presumption against the existence of such life is found in the fact that the moon, as far as we are able to learn by the use of the most approved types of astronomical instruments, is wholly devoid of either atmosphere or water.—St. Louis Republic.

A MAN WITH A TOOTHACHE.

Deceit Practiced on the Drug Clerk and by the Clerk.

People who never had a toothache cannot appreciate this story. And people who never had a toothache have no business to brag about their salvation being secure.

The man of this story went to the drug clerk of one of the oldest houses in the city. That is only an incident. He went there because it was nearer than any other drug store.

"I want something," said the sufferer, "to ease my aching tooth. My dentist is out of the city today, and I only want to get something that will stop the pain until he comes back."

That was a cowardly lie. He knew he had no dentist. He knew he had suffered at intervals with that tooth for years and because he was afraid of a dentist. But he did not want the drug man to think he was a coward. So he invented this lie in order to get anything that would give him surcease from pain for the time. He knew if he could do that he would sit down alone somewhere and chuckle to himself that he had won another victory over an old tooth and without seeing a dentist. And he could say, as he had said before to others: "I do not have to go to a dentist. I am my own dentist." There is nothing a man can do of which he will be prouder than knocking out a toothache without resorting to the dentist.

"Which tooth is it?" asked the man in the drug store.

"I don't see what difference that makes to you. Isn't it enough for you to know I have a toothache?"

"If the tooth is a back one and has a cavity, it can be treated with more ease, and I might give you something different for such a tooth. Now, if it is a front"—

"Well, it is not a front one. You guessed it right in the first place. It is a back tooth—a wreck at that—and it has a cavity as big as the end of a water main. Now, what else do you want to know?"

"How long have you had it?"

"Had what—the toothache or the cavity?"

"The toothache."

"Always had it. It was aching when it cut its way through the gum. It has never done anything but ache."

"You said your dentist is treating it!"

"Yes, I did say that. Dog take it, man, what of that? It has taken me 40 years to conclude to have it treated."

"If a tooth of mine acted like that, I would have it out."

"Would you? Say, did you ever have a toothache, and what has this to do with your giving me something for this tooth of mine? What is it to me what you would do?"

"I am fixing you something now that will give you relief until your dentist comes back."

The man with the aching molar chuckled.

"Here is your medicine."

"Well, any directions on the bottle?"

"No. If you have made a toothache often, you will know how to use it. Of course you won't drink it?"

"Well, I have taken drinks for it."

"You never swallowed anything like this. If you had, you wouldn't be here now."

"Is that so? What is it—poison? Why don't you put a skull and crossbones on that label? I'll have you arrested."

"You take a little cotton, saturate it with this and put the cotton in the cavity, and this will give you rest until your dentist returns."

"Well, what is it? I want to know what I am taking for a toothache. You druggists kill more people than the Brooklyn trolley lines. Have you got any cotton to go with it?"

"I can give you some cotton."

"I don't ask you to give it to me. I'll pay."

"Oh, no! We always give a pinch of cotton with a bottle of this medicine."

"Pinch be blowed! I want a bale of it, and I want about a gallon of this remedy. The old thing is just killing me now."

The druggist gave him a ball of cotton, and the customer literally rushed out, forgetting to pick up his change.

"What did you give him?" we asked.

"Water and peppermint."

The next day the customer was on Fifth avenue, when he met a friend, to whom he said:

"I've kept a dentist from making a fee. I don't believe in rushing to a tooth carpenter when I have a toothache. I am my own dentist. I've won again, old man. Cost me a quarter. Let's go in and blow in the difference."—New York Sun.

Horse Beef.

The United States consul at Reims, France, says that English horse meat is put up in cans in Holland, and after American labels are pasted on the cans they are shipped to France and other neighboring countries. When horses in England have become so old and worn-out that they are no longer of any use, they are shipped to the canning factories in Holland. About 26,000 horses are used in this way every year. Of course the stuff is not sold as horse meat, but as fine canned beef.

The Just.

Banaram of Persia bore the enviable title, the Just. The righteousness of his decisions was seldom called in question. This title has been conferred on several monarchs, among them being Casimir II of Poland, Ferdinand I and James II of Aragon, Haroun-al-Raschid of "Arabian Nights'" fame, Khosron of Persia, Louis XIII of France, Pedro I of Portugal.

He Changed.

"Greymair's wife brought him home a suit of clothes, but I understand he mustered up the courage to tell her that he had made up his mind to change it."

"Did he change it?"

"Oh, yes; he changed his mind."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A DOCTOR'S EXPERIENCE.

He Tells Why He Was Induced to Abandon His Profession.

A well known business man from Texas was in Washington not long ago, on his way to New York, when a reporter met him and had a long talk with him. Instead of being either judge or major he was a doctor, and the reporter asked him how he happened on that title.

"I used to be a physician," was the reply.

"What did you quit it for, if that's a fair question?"

The gentleman from Texas hesitated, and the hotel clerk joined the reporter in coaxing him to tell the story of his life.

"I suppose I might as well," conceded the gentleman, "and here goes. When I was 22 years old, I left Kentucky for a town in Arkansas, and there I hung out my shingle and continued the practice of medicine. I had such good luck that I became quite confident of my ability, and I felt quite able to tackle any sort of a case that came my way. I had been practicing about three years, and had saved up nearly $1,500, when one day a young fellow led his father into my office, and the old gentleman wanted me to remove his eye, as it pained him so he couldn't stand it."

"I had never had much experience with eyes, and of course I shouldn't have undertaken his case, but I thought I was equal to anything, and at once began making my preparations for the operation. I understood from what the son said that the pain from the bad eye affected the other, and as it had been blind for ten years the family thought the best thing to do was to remove it. In a very short time I had my patient under the influence of ether, and without calling in any assistance further than the son I went to work and soon had the eye out. Then as I began to put it in shape I noticed, to my horror, that I had taken out the wrong eye. The thought of what I had done startled and frightened me so that I at once hurried through my work and sent the old man home in a carriage.

"Then I drew out what money I had in the bank, packed up my belongings, and, after settling all my bills quietly, I took a night train and left the town for Mexico. Being extremely sensitive anyway, the thought of the terrible injury I had inflicted upon this man so wrought upon my feelings that I could not stay in one place, and I wandered about Mexico for three months. At the same time I was afraid that I might be identified by some person and be arrested and carried back for the punishment I so richly deserved. After four months I came over to Texas, and in a remote town I opened an office again and changed my name. I managed to make a living and staid there for five years, worrying so over the man that I had made blind and perhaps had left to die that I became gray and wrinkled.

"I presume I would have died there, but one day I happened into San Antonio and met a man I had known in the Arkansas town. At first I thought of trying to get away, but I concluded that the time had come for me to take my punishment, for I couldn't stand it any longer, and I went up to him and asked him if he didn't come from Blankville and did he know Mr. X. and the doctor who had got out of town so disgracefully. I was relieved to find that he didn't know me at all, and he at once proceeded to tell me that the disappearance of the doctor was still an unsettled mystery, and that Mr. X. was in good health. I told him I had heard that the doctor had taken out the wrong eye and that the old man had become stone blind in consequence. He assured me that the old man had not suffered any inconvenience at all, because he was blind, anyway, in both eyes and had been for years, and another physician had finished the job quite satisfactorily, and the patient's general health had greatly improved.

"You have no idea," concluded the gentleman from Texas, "how this news relieved me, and in my enthusiasm I gave up the practice of medicine forever and put my money into a manufacturing establishment that has almost made me rich in the past 20 years. I never went back to the remote Texas town again; neither did I ever go to the Arkansas town, nor tell my informant who I was. As it happened I was all right, but the suffering I had endured was enough to cause me to put that part of my past clear behind me and keep it there."—Washington Star.

Historic Powderhorns.

Between the years 1755 and 1760 about 1,800 army powderhorns were used in the English and American armies engaged with the French, and probably the same number existed in the American army during the Revolution. Each horn used in the continental army was marked with the initials or name of the soldier who carried it. The spirit of the times is shown by the sentiments engraved on the horns, and daily read by the owner and his companions, such as these:

Liberty or death.
In defence of liberty.
My liberty I'll have or my death.
Liberty—no slavery.
Death before dishonor.
Now is the time, ye hearts of oak,
To give our foes a fatal stroke.

Horns were last used in the war with Mexico in 1848. After that they rapidly disappeared. Many were shortened to make them more convenient for hunting purposes. Some of them were cleaned, the valuable records and engravings upon them being scraped off and thus lost.—J. L. Sticht, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

Church Fairs.

A Maine man who has studied church fairs pretty carefully thus defines them: "Church fairs are places where we spend more money than we can afford for things we do not want in order to please people whom we do not like and to help the heathen, who are happier than we are."—New York Tribune.

Utilizing Old Shoes.

Old shoes are not waste from the standpoint of modern industry. After they have done their service and are discarded by the first wearers a second-hand dealer restores the worn shoes to something like their former appearance, and they are sold again, to be worn a little longer by the poorer classes. When the shoes are finally discarded by them, they are still good for various purposes. In France such shoes are bought up in quantities by rag dealers and sold to factories, where the shoes are taken apart and submitted to long manipulations, which turn them into a paste, from which the material is transformed into an imitation leather, appearing very much like the finest morocco. Upon this material stylish designs are stamped, and wall papers, trunk coverings and similar articles are manufactured from it. Another French industry using old dilapidated shoes is the transforming of old into new footwear.

This is the principal occupation of the military convicts imprisoned in the fortress of Montpellier. There the shoes are taken apart, all the nails are taken out and then the leather is soaked in water some time to soften it. From those pieces that can be used are cut the uppers for children's shoes, and parts of the soles are similarly used. The smallest pieces of leather are applied to be used in high Louis XV heels, which were so much in style a few years ago. Even the nails of the old shoes are used again. They are separated by a magnet, which attracts the steel nails, while the copper and brass nails are carried on farther. The price received for the old copper nails alone almost pays for the first cost of the old shoes. Clippings and cuttings of the leather are also used, being turned into a paste from which artificial leather is made, and what is not good enough to serve for this purpose is sold with the sweepings to agriculturists in the neighborhood, who use this paste with great success as a fertilizer.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Counting Treasury Notes.

One of the most singular and interesting manufactories in this country is that where the United States treasury notes are made. The paper differs from any other, and it is kept under guard from the moment of its manufacture until the printed notes are issued from the treasury. These sheets of thin paper, both before and after printing, are counted and recounted by officials whose fingers, from years of practice, have become so deft that they fly over their work with the rapidity of lightning.

A visitor, watching a woman counting apparently endless heaps of notes, said, when the worker stopped to breathe:

"I should think that this monotonous work of counting, continued for years, would bring on a disease of the brain."

"It would," promptly replied the official, "if we thought of it. But while I counted those notes I was planning a holiday for my little boy. I repeat the numbers unconsciously, as a musician touches the keys of the piano. It is a habit. It was not always so," she said, laughing. "When I began the work, I was terrified by its importance. The officers, pacing up and down, robbed me of self control. I touched the sheets with shaking fingers. I was working for the government. I went over the pile again and again, and even then made mistakes. I never make a mistake now. I have the habit of counting."—Youth's Companion.

Hardships For an African Explorer.

I have always something the matter with me which interferes with my efficiency. Now it will be a wretched ulcer near my knee joint to hinder my walking; at another time one near my right elbow to weaken my arm and give me unsteady aim in shooting. Then I am cured of these, and feel miserable and feverish; but snap shots of deafening quinine make me strong and cheerful and fit to bear the strain of a few days' visit from malarial neuralgia, which seizes my head, makes tender every tooth, and stabs me unmercifully with acutest pain, till the head is aching with hammering throbs, and the eyes, through pain, are curtained by a mist. In due time I recover from this, and become dyspeptic, or cannot wear my largest shirt because of a swollen spleen. I gradually reduce this, and then blisters on the feet and erysipelas in the ankles make walking the worst kind of agony. Illness to me in Africa is as the bubble in a spirit level—it moves and changes its position, but never ceases.—"Glave In the Heart of Africa" in Century.

Traveling Alone.

Did you ever ride in a street car at night when you were the only passenger for many blocks? It is a peculiar experience. I got on a Broadway car last night, or, rather early this morning, at Park place, and I had the car to myself as far as Astor place. I didn't have a paper with me, so I had nothing to keep me busy, and I didn't want to go to sleep. If there had been somebody in the car to look at, perhaps it would have been all right, but as it was I don't think I ever felt so lonesome in my life, and if I had been the solitary passenger much longer I would have gone out on the platform and talked to the conductor out of sheer desperation. If I were a railroad president, I don't think I would care for a private car if I expected to travel alone.—New York Times.

Never Talked Politics.

"You say he never talks politics?"

"I've known him ten years and I never even heard him mention the subject."

"And you seem to think that it's creditable to him?"

"I do."

"Well, I want to say that any man who lives in this country and doesn't care enough for its welfare to discuss the political questions that arise is not"—

"But this man is dumb."—Chicago Post.

Society Directory.

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

STATE OFFICERS.

State President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.

State Vice-President, E. J. Kelly, Armory Block, Ottawa, Ill.

State Recording Secretary, Daniel McGlynn, 1238 Gaty av., E. St. Louis, Ill.

State Treasurer, Jas. Costello, Bloomington, Ill.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County President, L. Henely, Twenty-seventh-st. and Lake Shore.

County V.-President, W. J. Doherty, 1253 Forty-seventh-st.

County Recording Secretary, F. J. Conroy, 493 Thirty-fifth-st.

County Financial Secretary, Joseph J. Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.

County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie-st.

Sergeant-at-Arms, James Gannon.

Doorkeeper, William Barrett.

The County Board meets the Second Sunday of each month at 83 Madison street, Hall 2, at 3 p. m.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

DIVISION 1.

President, M. J. Maloney, Room 306, 120 Randolph-st.
Vice President, Michael Tuohy.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Ryan, 209 S. Peoria-st.
Financial Secretary, Wm. Territt.
Treasurer, Jerry O'Brien.
Meets First Friday of each month in Father Mathew hall, Taylor and Miller streets, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 2.

President, John J. Hanrahan, 246 E. Forty-third-st.
Vice President, Thomas McHugh.
Recording Secretary, Thomas J. Sherlock, 185 E. Superior-st.
Financial Secretary, James Regan.
Treasurer, William C. Moore.
Meets Second Thursday each month at Unity hall, 77 Thirty-first-st., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 3.

President, John J. Cullinane, 3045 Deering-st.
Vice President, James J. Perkins.
Recording Secretary, Henry J. Lyons, 193 W. North-av.
Financial Secretary, Pat'k J. Mahony.
Treasurer, Luke H. Lyons.
Meets First Sunday each month at 3 p. m. in Flynn's hall, North-av. and Robey-st.

DIVISION 4.

President, Michael Blake, 708 Thirty-first-st.
Vice President, William Loftus.
Recording Secretary, James H. Brennan, Palmer House.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Collins.
Treasurer, William McAvoy.
Meets First Sunday each month at 2:30 p. m. in Mathel's hall, Canalport and Union-avs.

DIVISION 5.

President, James J. Brennan, 467 W [illegible]
Vice President, William Martin.
Recording Secretary, Alex Cusack, 65 Nixon-st.
Financial Secretary, Tim Cullinane.
Treasurer, Thomas Donovan.
Meets First Thursday of each month in Horan's hall, Halsted and Harrison-sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 6.

President, P. G. Maguire, 4465 Princeton-av.
Vice President, John Doody.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Goldin, 4417 Union-av.
Financial Secretary, James F. Ryan.
Treasurer, Martin Fanning.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Foley's hall, 712 W. Forty-third-st., at 2:30 p. m.

DIVISION 7.

President, Wm. Sullivan, 235 Washburn-av.
Vice President, Patrick Behan.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Foley, 2703 Hickory-st.
Financial Secretary, Jas. E. O'Brien.
Treasurer, Mark Hardin.
Meets Second Sunday each month in Dougherty's hall, 446 W. Twelfth-st., at 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 8.

President, P. J. O'Sullivan, 117 E. Erie-st.
Vice President, Hugh J. Gleeson.
Recording Secretary, Eugene P. Nolan, 289 E. Erie-st.
Financial Secretary, O. J. Cullen.
Treasurer, R. G. McHugh.
Meets First and Third Saturdays each month at 62 N. Clark-st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 9.

President, D. M. Duggan, 329 Ninety-second-st.
Vice President, Thomas A. Foley.
Recording Secretary, Thomas White, 532 Ninety-fifth-st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Clark.
Treasurer, Owen Ahern.
Meets First and Third Fridays each month in Union Bank building, South Chicago, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 10.

President, P. J. Cummings, 4125 State-st.
Vice President, James Small.
Recording Secretary, Michael Maloy, 735 Dexter-st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Ryan.
Treasurer, William Webb.
Meets First Friday of each month in Webb's hall, 4430 Wentworth-av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 11.

President, Hugh J. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Vice President, James F. Murray.
Recording Secretary, Thos. E. Bradshaw, 263 Washtenaw-av.
Financial Secretary, Daniel Kirby.
Treasurer, Michael J. Connery.
Meets Second and Fourth Thursdays each month in Anchor hall, Grand ave. and Paulina st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 12.

President, F. J. Conroy, 495 Thirty-fifth-st.
Vice President, J. F. Lyons.
Recording Secretary, M. J. Corcoran, 3837 Wentworth av.
Financial Secretary, P. B. Flanagan.
Treasurer, Rev. D. J. Crimmins.
Meets First and Third Mondays each month in Douglas hall, S. E. corner of Thirty-fifth st. and Indiana av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 13.

President, John E. Long, 2991 Archer av.
Vice President, P. F. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Daniel Jordan, 2933 Archer av.
Financial Secretary, D. J. Sullivan.
Treasurer, S. J. Moloney.
Meets First and Third Thursdays each month in K. of P. hall, 3001 Archer av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 14.

President, P. J. Buck, 2218 Dearborn street.
Vice President, Ed J. Hanley.
Recording Secretary, F. J. Clingen, 8 South Lincoln st.
Financial Secretary, T. J. McGuire.
Treasurer, Patrick McDonnell.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in Prosperity hall, Eighteenth and State sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 15.

President, James W. Breen, 5241 Morgan st.
Vice President, John Henry.
Recording Secretary, Michael Daly, 5511 Halsted st.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Shine.
Treasurer, Michael Duffy.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Mielhaussen's hall, 51st and Peoria sts.

DIVISION 16.

President, Thomas McMahon, 5813 Justine st.
Vice President, Patrick McMahon.
Recording Secretary, Jas. Flannigan, 811 E. Fortieth st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Meaney.
Treasurer, John J. McGinty.
Meets Fourth Friday each month in Bishop's hall, 4652 Ashland avenue, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 17.

President, Martin Mulcahy, 2886 Fifth avenue.
Vice President, Lawrence Henely.
Recording Secretary, Roger Mulcahy, 3011 Wallace st.
Financial Secretary, Joseph Burke.
Treasurer, P. J. O'Brien.
Meets First Wednesday and Third Sunday each month in Leddy's hall, 31st st. and Wentworth av. at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 18.

President, Martin Loftus, 2240 West Kinzie street.
Vice President, James Collins.
Recording Secretary, James Dineen, 2222 West Kinzie st.
Financial Secretary, James Donovan.
Treasurer, Peter O'Neill.
Meets Last Friday of each month in Schoenhoffen's hall, Forty-third av. and West Lake street, at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 19.

President, James Thomas, 4537 Dryer street.
Vice President, Thomas O'Shea.
Recording Secretary, Timothy Kelly, 3435 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, T. J. Waldron.
Treasurer, Michael Kennedy.
Meets First Thursday each month in Qualey's hall, 3749 S. Halsted street.

DIVISION 20.

President, Joseph J Lamb, 603 Thirty-first st.
Vice President, Michael Sullivan.
Recording Secretary, John J. Quinlan, 502 Twenty-sixth st.
Financial Secretary, P. McDonnell.
Treasurer, Michael O'Grady.
Meets Second and Fourth Friday at 2901 Union av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 21.

President, Patrick Stenson, 1104 Clybourn av.
Vice President, Ed O'Connor.
Recording Secretary, David Madden, 83 Tyson av.
Financial Secretary, James Gayer.
Treasurer, Patrick McGowan.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month in Kuehl's hall, Clybourn and Ashland avs.

DIVISION 22.

President, James Noonan, Lemont, Ill.
Vice President, J. S. Carrier.
Recording Secretary, T. H. Finegan, Lemont, Ill.
Financial Secretary, A. J. Runyon.
Treasurer, J. W. McCarthy.
Meets First and Third Sundays each month at 7 p. m. in School hall, in Lemont, Ill.

DIVISION 23.

President, William J. Doherty, 1259 W. Forty-seventh st.
Vice President, John McGaughan.
Recording Secretary, P. J. O'Brien, 4961 Wood st.
Financial Secretary, James McCann.
Treasurer, Patrick Grace.
Meets First Sunday of each month in Schumacher's hall, 4650 Ashland av., at 3 p. m.

DIVISION 24.

President, John W. Farley, LaGrange, Ill.
Vice President, Michael Galvin.
Recording Secretary, P. W. Rowe, Box 312, LaGrange, Ill.
Financial Secretary, Edward Dooley.
Treasury, Patrick Cloes.
Meets the Second and Fourth Monday of each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice President, John D. Maloney.
Recording Secretary, Thos. Healion, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan.
Treasurer, John T. Conway.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 2:30 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, W. Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 5540 State street.
Vice President, Thomas Killeughy.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, W. F. Garrity.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets Second Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27.

President, John Bigane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice President, Patrick J. Moran.
Recording Secretary, Frank J. Mooney, 3878 Western av.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney.
Treasurer, John Larney.

DIVISION 28.

President, John Flanagan, 1110 West Polk st.
Vice President, James Tracy.
Recording Secretary, E. Quinn, 1488 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, E. A. Creighton.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesdays in DeSoto hall, VanBuren and Francisco st.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keys, 2393 116th st., Kensington.
Vice President, John Maguire.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1329, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully.
Treasurer, Charles Corkey.
Meets First and Third Thursdays of each month in Holy Rosary church basement, 113th st. and South Park av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

President, Thomas Heelan, 10810 Calhoun av.
Vice President, P. J. Conway.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10808 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday of each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., 7:30 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, L. O. Fitzpatrick, 1006 West Lake st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur McGinn.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets First Monday and Third Friday each month in St. Malachi's school hall.

DIVISION 32.

President, Cornelius Flynn, 107 Austin av.
Vice President, E. T. Walsh.
Recording Secretary, M. McLaughlin, 515 Carroll av.
Financial Secretaray, John Coogan.
Treasurer, Thomas O'Brien.
Meets in Nova's hall, Northeast corner Ohio and Green sts.

DIVISION 33.

President, Patrick Ryan, 6512 Cottage Grove av.
Vice President, John Callaghan.
Recording Secretary, Luke O'Keefe, 6557 Cottage Grove av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, Patrick Lynch.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays each month in Forester hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av.

DIVISION 35.

President, Patrick F. Holden.
Vice President, Michael J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, P. O'Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday each month in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 36.

President, John T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Wm. H. McMahon, 5483 Lake av.
Financial Secretary, Bartley Owens.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays of each month, in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John P. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice President, Thomas Kelly.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Secretary, M. H. Haney.
Treasurer, Patrick Prendergast.
Meet Second Thursday of each month, in Broomstead's hall, Sixty-third and Halsted sts., at 8 p. m.

LADIES' AUXILIARY.

DIVISION 22, A. O. H.

President, Miss Bina Harkins, Lemont, Ill.
Vice-President, Miss Mary Kelly.
Recording Sec'y, Miss Anna O'Donnell, Lemont, Ill.
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Treasurer, Mrs. M. Denne.
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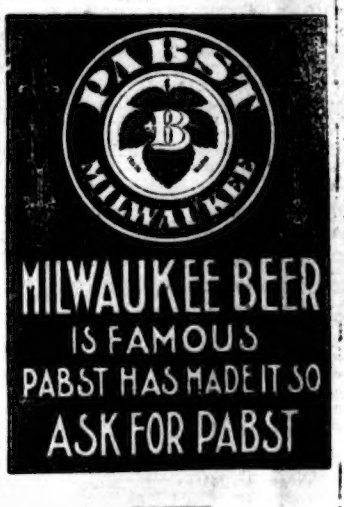

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